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## FALSE.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

Why is it we read, so many times,  
Of woman's falsehood, while you all pass by  
The treachery of man? Perhaps you think  
His falseness hidden from the observing eye:  
Not that all men are false—I mean not that!  
But I am weary of this story old  
Of woman's weakness, for I know of men  
Who have proved false for fame, and place, and  
gold.  
And yet, if we believed just what we read,  
We should not dream that man was ever base.  
And weak enough to do as women do—instead  
You tire not, talking o'er our feeble ways.  
Why! I can tell you of a man who holds  
A place high up in Fortune's bill to-day.  
Who wooed a woman's heart with tender words,  
And then, for gold, he threw the thing away!  
The poor, poor thing!—a woman's loving heart,  
Filled with a faith that trusted all mankind!  
What was so small a thing to that proud man  
Whose words were empty as the lightest wind?  
He cared not for the heart that owned him king;  
Love—gold—he weighed them, and the gold went  
down.  
You think a woman's heart so frail a thing—  
We women think that love is life's true crown!  
Some women may be false—but men are, too!  
There are false hearts among them both, I know.  
But still the falsest heart I ever knew.  
Was a man's heart! His soul must tell him so.  
But then—what use to talk? The world will say  
Just what it pleases! False things rule the day.

## Love-Blind:

OR,

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"  
ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE FACE IN THE DRAWER.

THROUGH the open window came the  
faint perfume of early summer sweets, and  
the afternoon sunshine, falling in tessellated  
golden beams over the carpet, lighted up  
with a halo of glory the beautiful head bent  
over the hands that were clasped in a tight  
embrace.

Around the graceful, drooping figure  
swept folds of rich maize silk that was par-  
ticularly becoming to the fair throat, face  
and arms, and contrasting well with the  
dusky hair that, unbound by comb or rib-  
bon, fell loosely to the slender, supple waist,  
a rippling, darkening cloud.

She was very beautiful, very fair; and yet  
that rare face was shadowed by a frown that  
ought not to have been there, and in the  
dark, lustrous eyes was mirrored an ex-  
pression that ill became them.

With a sudden gesture of impatience, she  
arose from the low hassock, and began a  
rapid, restless promenade through the luxu-  
rious chamber.

Upon every object her eyes rested; now  
flashing as they noted the dainty elegance  
of carpet, curtains and furniture; now  
smiling scornfully as they dwelt upon the  
crystal ornaments of the dressing-bureau;  
whereon lay open caskets of glowing,  
bright-eyed jewels.

With closest, most earnest attention, Lillian  
Rothermel viewed the contents of this  
bedchamber, the plainest, probably, of all  
the apartments at Fernleigh; and then, as  
she deliberately paused before the mirror,  
her peach-bloom cheeks grew more vivid in  
their coloring, and her black eyes more in-  
tense in their half-scoffing, half-triumphant  
light.

"It is all very elegant; all very suitable  
to my fastidious tastes, and I doubt whether  
many women would refuse it all, even if it  
did come at the awful price I am going to  
pay for it."

She stood steadily regarding the play of  
her own peerless features as she soliloquized.

"I have no need of denying to myself  
that I am a beautiful woman; and when a  
pretty face is all I possess, why should I not  
make the most of it? If it never brings me  
happiness, it shall give me riches, and influ-  
ence, and satisfy my ambition."

She glanced casually out of the rose-hued  
curtained window, and then, with a mighty  
surge, came a tide of emotion over her  
white face and throat.

It was not an uncommon sight at all that  
she saw, but it evidently was one that bore  
a peculiar relation to her; for the scarlet  
flushed away, and as her face grew paler,  
her eyes filled with tears, and she moved  
away from the window.

Below, on the graveled walk, Lillian  
Rothermel had seen two gentlemen; one, a  
fine, portly man of perhaps sixty years of  
age; arrayed in the neatest, most elegant at-  
tire; with a face at once prepossessing and  
commanding.

He was Mr. Edward Clavering, the  
wealthy owner of Fernleigh and all its  
splendid accompaniments.

The other was years younger—a graceful,  
stylish-looking man, with an air of pride  
and independence that was peculiarly adapted  
to him.

He had a handsome face, with its dark-  
blue eyes and bronzed cheeks; its gravely-  
sweet mouth, with a thick, curling mustache  
of golden brown; his hair, curling in  
loose tendrils, brushed off his forehead.

It was on this attractive face that Lillian  
Rothermel had looked with scarlet-stained  
cheeks and quivering mouth.

Her eyes still dimmed with the unshed  
tears that trembled on the lashes, she opened  
a side-drawer in her dressing-bureau and  
took therefrom a picture—painted on por-  
celain, and with a name written on the card  
that was attached to it.

The picture was a perfect likeness of the  
gentleman Lillian had seen below, walking  
with old Mr. Clavering; and the name on the  
card was Harry Gordeloup.

With a passionate tenderness Lillian  
caressed the unconscious trifle, and then,  
lifting it to her lips, kissed it fondly.



"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine," and she laid her fingers over his lips.

"Harry! Harry! you never will know  
how it is killing me to give you up; and yet  
—I shall do it!"

She removed the ring from her finger that  
Harry Gordeloup had placed there a year  
before, and tied it with a little black ribbon  
to a packet of letters addressed to him.

Then she laid the picture thereon, far  
down, that she might not meet the eyes that  
seemed following her wherever she went,  
and rung the bell for a servant to beg Mr.  
Gordeloup to await Miss Rothermel in the  
parlor.

She was intensely pale, and there seemed  
to her to be a telltale imp in her eyes as  
she gazed back at them; but Lillian Rother-  
mel was a brave woman, and a determined  
woman, whose will wrought wondrous re-  
sults; so that when she went down the  
broad stairs, she was tranquil, radiant,  
and graceful as ever.

### CHAPTER II.

CAST ADRIPT.

MR. GORDELOUP met her at the foot of  
the stairs.

"I heard your step, Lillian; as if I could  
not tell it from any woman's in the world!"  
He drew her arm in his, bending his head  
to kiss her forehead, as they entered the  
great, dim parlor.

"Harry, go sit there by the window while  
I talk to you. Have you a few minutes to  
spare?"

She smiled brightly at him.  
"To spare for you, Lillian! You know  
my entire life is at your disposal."

He seated himself closely beside her, in-  
stead of occupying the chair by the window  
that Lillian had pointed out.

With tender affection, Harry took one of  
her hands, and asked what favor he could  
do her.

Then, with a calm quiet in her voice, and  
her eyes firmly meeting his own, she told  
him why she had appointed the interview.

"Harry, I want you to promise me you  
will not hate me, because I am going to  
break our engagement."

Gordeloup sprung to his feet in the sud-  
denness of this revelation.

"Break our engagement!"  
She smiled calmly at his flushed face; his  
eyes, that held such a questioning, surprised  
light in them.

"I am too poor, Harry, to allow you to  
be burdened with me; you are obliged to  
earn your living; what would we do?"

He was standing perfectly still, earnestly  
regarding her witching face, his own wear-  
ing an expression of bewildered amaze-  
ment.

"Lillian, dearest, what does this mean?  
You knew a year ago my financial condition,  
and I yours."

"That is true; and because I think it best  
for us both, I shall release you from your  
engagement to me."

A wounded look was in his face now, but  
Lillian would not see it—or seeing, would  
take no visible notice of it.

"Lillian, if you have ceased to love me—"

She involuntarily exclaimed some inaudible  
sound, that to Harry's ears was a denial.

"Then, my own Lillian, if you have had no  
cause to dislike me, we will banish this dis-  
mal subject, and I will forget that you said  
you desired to release me. Besides, Lillian,"  
and he lifted her chin and kissed her red  
lips, "I am very sure I'd not be thrown over  
like that."

A little shiver ran through Lillian's veins;  
what a pitiless task was hers, to tell this lov-  
ing, trusting man, who had confided to her  
the guidance of his life, who looked to her  
for all his happiness, that she was going to give  
him up; deliberately reject him, because a  
richer man had offered a higher price for  
her beauty!

How she despised herself, as she waited  
the one moment before she cruelly unde-  
ceived him; and above the contempt she  
felt for herself, the pity she experienced for  
him, was the tearing, crushing agony of the  
knowledge that she worshiped this man,  
who was to her a very god.

And yet, with strange inconsistency, she  
would not let herself be happy in his love;  
would seek her joy in the wealth and influ-  
ence she would obtain when she became  
Edward Clavering's wife, and mistress of  
Fernleigh, where she had been only a hired  
companion to Miss Amy Clavering.

Here, under this very roof, Lillian Rother-  
mel had met Harry Gordeloup; under the  
auspices of Mr. Clavering and kind-hearted  
Miss Amy, their courtship had thriven  
apace, until, dazed by her beauty, her stylish  
elegance—shall we acknowledge, by her  
consummate artfulness?—Mr. Clavering had  
suddenly proposed for her hand, with a full  
knowledge of her engagement to Harry  
Gordeloup.

Well—we have learned the result of that  
proposal to Lillian Rothermel, who, in the  
moment of silence that intervened as she  
sat there with her lover's arm around her,  
had thought rapidly of all these things.

Perhaps her indomitable will failed her  
for that moment; the next, and she was  
ready for the cruel deed.

"Harry, you misunderstood me. Let me  
be plain, if I necessarily be harsh. Remem-  
ber, I—in short, Harry, I am going to marry  
Mr. Edward Clavering."

Her tones never varied from their low,  
steady cadence; her cheeks did not flush or  
pale; her eyes looked Harry quietly in his  
own.

Harry dropped her hand and confronted  
her, a stormy anguish in his eyes.

"Lillian! you surely are but trying the  
depth of my love for you! You marry Ed-  
ward Clavering! Why, dearest, he is old  
enough to be your father! Lillian, how  
foolish I was to be so frightened!"

She did not return the tender, wistful,  
yet withal doubtful smile that parted his  
lips, and when she spoke, her hard, heartless  
tones rung a knell to Harry Gordeloup's  
heart.

"I repeat, I release you because I wish to  
marry Mr. Clavering. I have quite decided  
that to be mistress of Fernleigh is preferable  
to struggling on, on an income of two thou-  
sand a year."

A sudden cry of horror came from  
Harry.

"Lillian! for money you will deliberately  
break my heart and ruin my prospects!  
Oh, Lillian, do unsay those wicked, mercen-  
ary words!"

She smiled in his pale, eager face.

"For money, as you say, Harry, I will do  
it. But, don't talk about your heart break-  
ing—it is as strong as mine, is it not?"

"Oh, Lillian! Lillian!"  
It was all the reproach he made, but the  
tone in which he uttered the name was in-  
expressibly touching and pitiful.

"Besides," she went on, as she carelessly,  
almost gaily tapped her fingers against the  
little package she had brought down for  
him, "as to ruining your prospects by refus-  
ing to share them, I think you are just  
enough to acknowledge I would only be a  
burden. Again, accustomed as I am to the  
luxury and ease of my life at Fernleigh, I  
fear I should be very unwilling to resign it  
for—"

"For the terrible position of the wife of a  
man you disliked because he was in only  
moderate circumstances?"

Harry had interrupted her with sharp, un-  
natural voice, and she wondered if it really  
could be gay Harry Gordeloup who spoke so  
sternly.

But it was better that he should feel angry;  
better than that wounded grief he had at  
first displayed.

"We will not discuss this point further.  
Here are your letters and picture; of course  
I wish mine. Mr. Gordeloup, you surely  
will be able to appreciate my candor some  
day when you learn to regard Mrs. Claver-  
ing as a very good friend; when you return  
to your old-time love, and renew your vows  
to Winnie St. Cyr."

A sudden, painful flush tinted his cheek;  
then he bent his face to Lillian.

"You remind me how you won me from  
her? Let me remind you why you have  
been won from me. Miss Rothermel, I ac-  
cept my release. May you find in the  
wealth for which you barter your woman-  
hood, the enjoyment you desire; but if ever  
ought should transpire to prove to you the

sin you this day commit, remember how I  
am made to suffer."

He bowed elaborately, and took the parcel  
from her hands; then walked out of the  
room.

It was all over! and Lillian Rothermel,  
with a gasp and a fierce pressing of her  
heart, smiled after him!

### CHAPTER III.

A KNIGHT TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN Harry Gordeloup went out from  
Lillian Rothermel's presence, it was with  
strangely commingled emotions; foremost  
and most painful of which was the knowl-  
edge—so pitiful, so humiliating—that he  
had been thrown over, not for love that  
Lillian bore another, not for dislike that  
she bore him, but for money, money! Lillian  
had sold herself, and bartered him for Ed-  
ward Clavering's broad acres and elegant  
mansion.

He walked along the roadside, hating  
Edward Clavering with a fierce sort of  
jealousy in that he had won his love from  
him; and he compressed his lips as he pic-  
tured to his indignant imagination, Edward  
Clavering's arms around Lillian Rothermel,  
and his lips touching the rare red mouth  
he had so often kissed, so reverently too; for  
he had not alone loved Lillian Rothermel;  
he had held her in a sort of tender worship—  
the chivalrous affection such men as  
Harry Gordeloup always bestow on a woman  
they love.

Harry was of a very strange disposition;  
he possessed a commingling of characteris-  
tics that were seldom met with; whether  
his life was made the happier by them—  
these conflicting traits of his—I question;  
but at the same time he was a man of true  
nobility of soul, as far as principle went;  
and those impulses of his were not in-  
tended to govern his life, although he too  
often allowed them to.

So much for Harry Gordeloup, hand-  
some, attractive and refined; and at the mo-  
ment he was walking along the sunny road-  
side, that warm, clear day, very much  
wounded, angered, and insulted, he thought  
of Lillian Rothermel, her witching beauty  
and dainty ways, and his heart sunk; he  
remembered the usage she had given him,  
and his cheeks glowed, and, almost involun-  
tarily, another face—sad, haunting, plead-  
ing—rose before him. Then he realized  
how Winnie St. Cyr must have suffered  
when he went to her, so deliberately, and  
yet so kindly, to tell her he had learned to  
love another; would she give him up?

That was one of Harry Gordeloup's  
straightforward peculiarities; to him it was  
less a wrong-doing to go to Winnie St. Cyr,  
and plainly tell her all the truth, than suffer  
her to go on loving him, and caressing him.



the while his whole soul shrinking from the duplicity he would enact, and crying out for Lillian Rothermel.

So he had told Winnie—his bright, sunny Winnie—than whom no truer woman lived; she had listened to his story, and, with quivering lips and trembling fingers, spoke his release, and gave him back his ring—the ring that now lay in his hand—that Lillian Rothermel had returned to him an hour ago!

A great pang thrilled through his heart as he looked down on it; he was beginning, even so soon, to find the fruit he had thought so good, so sweet, turning to Dead Sea apples, even in his own hands.

Lillian Rothermel was very lovely, very beautiful, and she had loved him, he knew that; he had loved her too, really, truly; as well as ever he had loved Winnie St. Cyr; but now, the question would keep forcing itself to him, had he done well in transferring his heart from Winnie's tender keeping to Lillian's fair hands?—he thought, fair and merciful as the grave were those white hands, and that heart of hers.

He had walked more than two miles, through the warm sun and dust, before he turned to retrace his steps.

He could not get back to the city for several hours, were he so inclined; besides, why should he fly Fernleigh? he had not done this wrong; Lillian was the blame, and he almost acquitted Edward Clavering that moment. She had won him against his conscience, perhaps, even as she had deliberately stole him, a willing prize from another.

No, he could face Lillian Rothermel just as stubbornly as she could meet him; he would go to Mr. Clavering and congratulate him; he would laugh and talk to dear old Miss Amy, and let Lillian see his heart was as elastic as hers.

He walked more leisurely as he neared the entrance gate at Fernleigh; he switched off the grass with his cane in a careless sort of way; he stopped and plucked a spray of late roses, and fastened them in his button-hole; and all this because he imagined Lillian might be peeping at him from some closed lattice!

He was a little conceited—we all are—and proud; and he resolved to fight it through with those weapons.

#### CHAPTER IV. AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

HARRY went up the high flight of marble steps that led to the hall, two or three at a jump—he remembered Lillian had reproved him once, very merrily, lest he should make a misstep—through the hall, and, leaving his hat, cane and gloves on the stag's antlers, went up to his room to renovate his toilette and make himself fresh for the dinner-table.

But, with all that, a dull, heavy, tearing pain was in his heart! He kept thinking of Lillian all the time; thinking how he had lost her; how suddenly it had come to pass that he had no right to lay his hands on her bright hair, and look down into her eyes, until the rich color came to her cheek!

After he had arranged his dress, he sat down by the bowed shutters, to await the ringing of the dinner-bell—wondering what Lillian would wear down to the table. He always liked a black tulle dress, she wore, with no ribbons—only her heavy gold jewelry; Mr. Clavering had several times complimented her upon her appearance when she wore white, and blue trimmings. Directly a door opened opposite his—that was her room, and his heart sprung to his throat when he heard her skirts rustle over the velvet carpeting.

He heard her walk to the banister, and then, after a silence, call, in a clear, high voice:

"Curman!—Curman was the footman—" will you send some one to repair the bell-rope in my room? and just step to the library and tell Mr. Clavering I will see him in a few minutes."

Then she walked back past his door, humming an air from "Les Brigands"—ah! Harry had taken her down only a week before to hear that very opera!

How heartless she was! How utterly heartless!

He forgot how he came up the walk from the gate; how he had picked the white roses—had it been only accidental?—the only kind of flowers Lillian had expressed a dislike for.

So she was going down to tell Mr. Clavering, he supposed, that she loved him so dearly and would accept his offer—not of gold and lands and sixty-five years of life—but his heart, and hand, and protection.

Of a sudden, he resolved to go downstairs; to the library, and see her when she came in, in all her beauty and regal grace.

With him to be was to act; he threw open his door, began whistling the same aria Lillian had sung, and then went leisurely down the stairs.

The library door was wide open—a sort of mute invitation it seemed to him to her up-stairs to enter—but he went boldly in, up to Mr. Clavering, who was reading in his easy-chair beside the long, velvet-covered table.

He glanced up—a little suddenly, Harry thought, but it was easily accounted for. Harry drew a short ottoman from a corner, and threw himself lazily, and not ungracefully, upon it.

"You can spare me a few moments, Mr. Clavering? I am aware you expect Miss Rothermel in a short time, but what I want to say can be said before she comes."

He waited a moment, looking at the slight expression of momentary discomfiture on the old gentleman's face.

"Yes, Harry, I know why you seek me before Lillian Rothermel comes. I know I have taken her from you, my boy, and, viewed in some lights, I think it was a decidedly unfriendly thing. But, just bear this in mind, Harry, I am an old man, and she is the only woman who ever moved my heart to love. You are young, with a long life ahead of you, and you can take your choice from a hundred who never would look at an old man like me."

"But you forget, that, added to your personal attractions, Mr. Clavering, is all this?"

Harry waved his hand, indicating the wealth that surrounded him, both inside and outside.

Mr. Clavering's cheeks flushed indignantly.

"You would insinuate that she would marry me for my riches? You must not let your natural disappointment make you scandalous, Harry."

A little contemptuous smile curled Harry's lip, but he would not tell the old man that Lillian did intend to marry him for his

money, and nothing but his money. No, she was lost to him, and Mr. Clavering might find it out himself how bitter his mistake had been.

"To prove to you how mistaken you are, Harry, my boy, I will whisper a secret to you. I have made my will this very day, before I know her answer—though I can guess it—leaving to Lillian Rothermel, in the event of my rejection, five thousand dollars a year as long as she lives; and to my wife, if I marry, just double that sum, besides some of the estate."

Harry slowly raised his eyebrows, and then a horrible, hellish thought flashed through his mind.

What if Mr. Clavering should die, and Lillian be free?

He almost cursed himself the next moment for it; yet there was a red gleam on his face as he arose and went toward the door.

"You see, Harry, how much I love her. You young men that can fancy every pretty face, and would marry the first handsome girl who'd have you, know nothing of the love of the old man's heart. And, Harry, I'll give you a check for five thousand dollars to compensate."

But Harry was gone; he had not heard the offer, almost insulting in its inconsistency.

#### CHAPTER V. THRUST FOR THRUST.

BEFORE Harry Gordeloup had reached the door of the library that led to the hall, a faint, sweet fragrance heralded Lillian Rothermel's approach. He gave a sudden start, and then fiercely steered himself for the brief sight of her.

He saw her first; for her queenly head was bowed and her fingers were deftly fastening a cluster of geranium leaves and several carnation pinks, to her bodice.

Harry stood still, watching her; looking at the trailing white puffed dress, with a wide blue sash knotted about her waist; a blue ribbon and white lace bow in her purple-black hair.

Then she raised her head slowly, with a smile hovering on her lips; she saw him, and the smile froze to an expression of surprise.

But there was not a vestige of embarrassment in her manner, appearance or language.

"Oh, Mr. Gordeloup! I suppose Mr. Clavering is in the library? How delightfully cool the air is growing."

So ladylike, so utterly forgetful! and yet there was a latent glow in her black eyes, and a deeper bloom on her cheeks than usual.

But Harry thought, in the second he stood without answering, it was natural, under the circumstances.

"Yes, it will be pleasant this evening, I think. You will find the old gentleman in the library."

He would have passed on, but she stretched out her arm—oh, how exquisite it was! with the open sleeve falling away above the elbow.

"How is this to be? Are you angry with me? I am very sure I am not with you."

There was the same luring melody in her voice that had taught him to forget Winnie St. Cyr; the same, no doubt, that had won the wealth of Edward Clavering. How he hated it, when he heard it, and knew it was for him no more!

"Angry? No. Miss Rothermel, I will pass."

There came a quick, angry gleam to her eyes again.

"Because I have done what was best, you insist on this haughty coldness? We might as well be friends—at least while we remain in the same house."

I will not trouble the old man's house long, Miss Rothermel. After it passes, into your hands, rest assured I shall never."

He was getting the best of her. They both knew that, every moment they stood there. Harry thought of it, with a proud anguish—for he loved her yet, in a vague, hateful way.

She realized it with wrath, that she had depended on her old power over him, and had failed so signally.

When it passes into my hands, as you say, you will be afforded no opportunity to trouble Mr. Clavering and myself. As it is, I think when you learn Miss St. Cyr is hourly expected, you may alter your arrangements."

Harry knew by her bitterly sarcastic manner, that she expected him to be crushed, discomfited by the mention of that name; plainly as though she had declared her tactics, he knew she intended to drive him from Fernleigh, before Miss St. Cyr came, as a punishment for his ascendancy over her; and because she thought he would blush to meet her.

But, Harry was equal to the occasion; he forced a sudden surprised light to his eyes.

"Is that so? I would not miss seeing Winnie for all the attractions outside Fernleigh."

Lillian bit her lip; he was so invulnerable—he even called her "Winnie"!—and how unspeakably handsome he was—and, how she worshipped him that very moment!

Her jealousy—poor, weak woman that she was, then came flaming to her lips.

"I dare say there will be no trouble in renewing the old relations. Perhaps you will crawl back to her?"

"Perhaps," he said, lightly, and turned on his heel, and left her standing there, utterly routed—defeated.

She compressed her lips so tightly that the blood receded, leaving them white and ghastly; a dull underglow of red was shining through the dusk of her eyes; then, no sound escaping her, she went on into the library; her face returning to its customary aristocratic delicateness, and sweetness of expression.

#### CHAPTER VI. A WOMAN'S ART.

LILLIAN glided softly in, so noiselessly that the old gentleman did not hear her. She laid her soft, warm hands on his eyes, and then laughed.

Mr. Clavering threw down the volume, and took her hands in his own, looking eagerly up in her face.

"And this is my answer, Lillian?"

"If you can interpret it, yes."

He let go her hands, and drawing her nearer him with his arm around her slender waist, kissed her cheek.

"I am not versed in the art of love-making, Lillian, but if the remainder of my days be devoted to your happiness, surely you will forgive the awkwardness of an old man? But, Lillian! beautiful Lillian, I love you—I certainly love you better than all the

world beside. And do you love me? can it be possible that you, so young, so charming, love me?"

She bent on him a look of mingled tenderness and reproach.

"Mr. Clavering, you do me injustice to harbor the possibility of such a thought. What better proof can I give of my respect and affection than by vowing to become your wife?"

"None! none! Then you are my betrothed, Lillian? And I may name an early day, a very early day, for our marriage?"

"That decision may rest with you, Mr. Clavering. I am ready at any time."

"Because I want to see you the mistress of Fernleigh, Lillian—miserably poor return, though, it is for all your goodness to me—because I often am so lonely and cheerless, do I want you, my darling?"

She smiled brightly.

"You will not have an opportunity of indulging in gloom when I shall have taken possession of you."

Her fondness seemed to touch his heart. "Your womanly tenderness is such a prize. Lillian, do you know my heart aches for poor Harry?"

But she laid her fingers over his lips.

"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine. Suffice it, that Mr. Gordeloup and I are entirely contented with the change of programme. Now, you will remember? or I shall show you still further what a terrible despot I am."

He kissed her hand caressingly.

"I never knew before how delicious a government a despotism could be."

"Then I've another command to issue. Will you agree to do what I request, blindly?"

"Blindly, my tyrant?"

"Then," she said, dropping her bantering tone, and assuming one of kind, thoughtful seriousness, "it is regarding Miss St. Cyr."

Miss Amy told me, at lunch, she would be here to-day, very probably, and I see, from various reasons, that she and Mr. Gordeloup will be thrown very much together. I feel afraid Miss St. Cyr will endeavor to accomplish a renewal of the old relations between herself and Mr. Gordeloup. Now, I think it would be a wise arrangement, although I have learned from Miss Amy that you desire Winnie to marry Mr. Alvanley—that you never approved of her engagement to Harry."

"Yes, that is true: Winnie has really been promised to Lester Alvanley since she was a child. I desire that match above all things."

There came a sparkle to Lillian's eyes, that Mr. Clavering could not see; but her voice was just as gentle as ever.

"Then, since you wish it, dear Mr. Clavering, it shall be my purpose to have you obeyed—as it shall ever be my duty and pleasure to do."

Mr. Clavering smiled, delightedly.

"To this, my Lillian, and I will never forget it! Make it your business to acquaint Winnie with my wishes; tell her I will dower her nobly the day she marries Lester Alvanley. Only, Lillian, dearest, there must be no coercion, you know. I love the child far too well to force her into a distasteful marriage."

"That would be terrible! No, Mr. Clavering, she must exercise her own will; my duty shall consist in convincing her judgment."

"Exactly; I will telegraph to Alvanley to come down for a month, and also talk to Harry about it. Harry's a fine fellow, Lillian; I wonder you could give him up for—"

Again the little white hand went playfully to his lips.

"You don't remember, sir. Once for all, Mr. Clavering, Harry Gordeloup is not to be compared with you!"

Her face was turned toward the open window, but the tones declared the comparison in her favor.

But those eyes—those dusk-red eyes—could Mr. Clavering have read their secrets, he would not have been flattered.

Suddenly Lillian concentrated her gaze upon a carriage driving up the road.

"It is the Fernleigh coach, Mr. Clavering—yes, I see there is a lady within. Miss St. Cyr, I presume. Now, I will go see if her room is all ready. I will meet you at dinner, Mr. Clavering."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her; when she turned to go away, a superb cluster diamond ring was blazing on her forefinger. She raised it to her lips, and with a smile at him, she hastened up to her room, and from the broad shutters looked down on the young girl as she alighted from the coach; a strange, strange surveillance it was, too!

(To be continued.)

## Overland Kit:

OR,  
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. ALKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

#### CHAPTER X. THE ROAD-AGENTS.

THE branches of the pines clouded in the canyon, from their precarious footholds far up on the cliff-tops; they surged wildly in the ever-constant breeze that swept down along the valley.

On a level with the rude path which wound through the canyon, was a dark, ugly cavity in the side of the cliff, some six feet high by three wide. It was as if by some sudden and terrible convulsion of nature, the massive rock had been forced open.

One, pausing and looking with curiosity into the dark cavity, would have seen that the opening only extended in some ten feet, yet this dark cavity, apparently barred by massive rocks beyond, was the entrance to the cave which served Overland Kit and his band of road-agents for a head-quarters.

The cave itself was some twenty feet square. Through a hole in the roof, as big round as a barrel, came a stream of light which dimly illuminated the cavern.

Three rude couches of fragrant pine branches, over which were spread folded blankets, and a few cooking utensils, comprised the furniture of the robbers' retreat. In one corner stood two horses. The road-agents and their steeds shared the same apartment.

Extended on the fragrant couches lay two brawny men. Their rough appearance, the revolvers strapped to their waists, and their general look told that they were members of Overland Kit's notorious band.

"Bout time for the cap'n, isn't it?" asked

the taller of the bandits, who answered to the name of Joe Rain.

"Yes," replied the other, who was called Jimmy Mullen.

"We had a pretty narrow squeeze last night; the blue-coats came within an ace of gathering us in. I thought that the captain was home for sure."

"There's an old saying, you know, about the man who is born to be hanged," replied Jimmy, significantly.

"Yes, exactly; that applies to us, too, it strikes me."

"We're all in the same boat. We'll have to keep our eyes skinned now, for the hull country will be arter us. I s'pose the cap'n has gone to see what new dodge is up."

"Yes, I don't think, though, that all the soldiers between here and the Missouri river will be able to hunt us out of this hole."

"Your head's level, that!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"This is the snuggest hiding-place in all the Reese river valley."

"The cap'n diskivered it hunting arter a bar, didn't he?" Joe asked.

"Yes; he wounded the critter in the canyon an' he run in hyer; the cap'n's blood were up an' he follered him in. Not being able to find the critter in the cleft of the rock, he, naturally, came to the conclusion that Mr. Bar had a hole inside, somehow, which he had crept into. He had some matches in his pocket, so he jist struck a light and proceeded to examine. Sure enough, he found the hole which leads in hyer. 'Twant half as big then as it is now, for when the cap'n selected this for a head-quarters, he saw at once that he would have to have some place to keep the horses, in case the soldiers were clus' at our heels any time when we run into the canyon. So he jist set to work with a pick and made the hole big enough to get a horse through. Why, it would puzzle Old Nick himself to smell us out now. The hosses' hoofs don't leave any mark on the loose stones in the canyon, an' one would as soon believe that the animals had flown right up out of the cleft rock beyond."

"They hain't hunted us much yet, but it 'pears to me that now they will go for us all they know how," Joe said, thoughtfully.

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied the other. "I think it's 'bout time to quit. We've made enough already; enough to make us all gentlemen, East; why, we kin live like fighting-cocks."

"There's a big reward offered for the cap'n," Joe observed, with a peculiar expression in his voice, and he cast a covert glance at Jimmy from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Ware hawk there, pard!" exclaimed the other, guessing at Joe's meaning at once. "Overland Kit is like a weasel; he'll never be taken asleep, and the chances are ten to one that if he could be captivated, he'd get out of it afore they tightened the rope around his neck. It would take a derned sight more money than is offered for his hide now, to make me risk my precious carcass in attempting to take him. He's jist chain-lightning with his wepons."

"Who is the cap'n, anyway?" asked Joe, suddenly.

"There, pard, you've got me; I'll never tell you," replied Jimmy, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Hain't that a wig he's got on; and a false beard, too?"

"Well, you don't look very natural; you don't often see a man with jet-black hair and blue eyes, you know."

"What do you suppose he wears 'em for?"

"To keep folks from knowing him, of course; it's a cute dodge. I've a sort of an idea that our cap'n amounts to something, else he wouldn't be so anxious to keep himself disguised," Jimmy said, with a knowing air.

"It's smart enough to be somebody, anyway."

"That's so, old man; you never said a truer word," Jimmy exclaimed.

"Hark!" cried Joe, suddenly, rising to a sitting posture as he spoke.

"What is it?" asked Jimmy, also rising, and laying his hand upon the butt of a revolver.

"The sound of a hoss's hoofs, coming up the canyon," replied the other.

"It must be the cap'n."

The sound of the hoofs ringing out clear upon the rocky way of the canyon, could be distinctly heard.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and at last, Overland Kit, leading his horse by the bridle, entered the cave.

"Come at last, cap'n!" Joe said, as Kit placed his horse by the side of the other two at the end of the cave.

"Yes," the leader of the road-agents replied, seating himself on the empty couch of pines.

"What's the news?" Joe asked.

"Bad; in a few days the whole country from here to Austen will be after us. Judge Jones has been stirring up the miners and the express company has put the United States troops upon our trail. They're going to hunt us down, boys, as if we were wolves."

"What's to be done?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Vamoose!" replied Kit, acconically.

"Levant, eh?" Joe said.

"That's our game; there's no use blinking at the truth. They will make this section altogether too hot to hold us. Sooner or later they'll track us here, and then the game is up; Judge Lynch will take a hand and we shall be strung up to some tall pines by way of ornamenting the landscape."

"Well, we haven't done badly, considering that we haven't collected toll in these parts very long," said Jimmy, with a grin.

"We have enough, boys, to make us all comfortable. We can return to civilized life; try and be honest men again, although I don't know as it's possible for a man to prosper on ill-gotten gains," Kit said, quietly.

"Then our little partnership is ended," Jimmy remarked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for it," Joe said, reflectively. "We've made some money, and with mighty little trouble."

"Yes, and our gold is not stained with blood; we have gone for the express company and the rich men alone, and they're able to stand the loss. Now, we'll divide what gold-dust we have here, shake hands and say good-by. If we should ever meet again, it is perhaps better that we three should be as strangers to each other," Kit said.

"Well, I'm agreeable," Joe remarked.

"So an' I!" exclaimed Jimmy; "for my part I'm going to get out of this part of the country as soon as possible. I shall put for

the East. I've got money enough to make me comfortable for the rest of my days, and I think I've had all the rough work that I want."

"You are acting wisely; and now I have a request to make," Kit said.

"Spit it out!" Joe exclaimed.

"The secret of this cave I wish preserved. I ask of you two to keep it locked within your breasts. Do not speak of it to any one. There may come a time when this place will again afford me shelter; no man can tell what will happen, you know. Will you promise to keep the secret?"

"You kin depend upon me, cap'n!" exclaimed Joe.

"And on me, too!" chimed in the other.

"Good; that is all I ask. If you'll take my advice, boys, you won't go anywhere near Austen, and swap your horses off as soon as possible. Our animals are better known than we are ourselves. I don't know but what it would pay us to kill them outright and leave them in the canyon for the wolves."

"Perhaps it would be the best thing to do," Joe said, thoughtfully. "A man's neck is worth a heap sight more than a hoss."

"Well, act your own pleasure," Kit observed. "Now for the division."

Then from under a huge stone, which concealed a cavity in the rocky floor of the cave, the leader of the road-agents drew some canvas bags filled with gold-dust. From his pocket he took a pair of small scales and weighed the dust into three equal portions. This done, he put each portion up in a bag and handed one apiece to Joe and Jimmy. The third he kept himself.

"That's settled, and now, partners, good-by; take my advice and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

The three then led their horses out of the cave and through the cleft rock into the canyon.

A moment they wrung each other's hands, and then they parted, Joe and Jimmy going north through the canyon, while Kit went south toward the valley road.



"bout something. Say, Jinnie, I reckon you've struck the old cuss for all he's worth ;

"Den I was gone, clean gone!"

"Nonsense! Bill, you're always joking; but, does the Judge really want to see me?" she asked.

"That's his platform and no beefsteak! But, say, Jinnie, don't you throw yourself away on an old cuss like the Judge, when Ginger Bill is around ;

"For you'd make me just as happy as a big sun-downer!"

"I'll go and see what he wants."

So Jinnie caught up her straw hat, which lay behind the bar, and left the saloon.

With a light step, she hastened down the street toward the express office.

An earnest look was upon her face as she walked onward. The words of the jocosely stage-driver had put strange thoughts into her head.

Many odd circumstances connected with Judge Jones' manner toward her came into her mind. She remembered how, once or twice, when the Judge was seated in the saloon eating his meals—the Judge took his meals at the Eldorado and slept in the express office—she had caught his eyes fixed upon her with a peculiar expression shining in them. She had not thought much of it at the time, but now, she began to ask herself if Bill had guessed the truth.

Entering the express office, she found the Judge alone, busy among his papers.

"Bill told me that a box has come for me," Jinnie said.

"Yes; there it is; charges, one dollar."

Jinnie handed over the amount and signed the receipt.

"I'll have it sent up to the hotel right away," the Judge said, a kind expression in his usually harsh voice. "Sit down, Miss Jinnie. I want to talk to you for a little while." He brought a chair as he spoke and placed it by the girl's side.

Jinnie sat down and waited in silence. The Judge brought another chair for himself and sat down, facing Jinnie.

For a moment the Judge looked earnestly in the fresh, young face of the girl, a strange expression upon his grave features, then he spoke.

"Miss Jinnie, do you know that the life that you are leading is a very strange one for a young girl?"

"Yes, I know it," Jinnie said, quietly.

"You are constantly brought in contact with the very worst class that frequents our town—rough, uncouth miners—you can not be happy leading such a life."

"I must get my living some way; I have no one to look out for me," Jinnie replied, earnestly.

"I know that the miners are rough, but you forget, Judge, that I was brought up among them; by this time I ought to be pretty well used to them and to their ways."

"Jinnie, what ever put it into your head to take the Eldorado?" the Judge asked, suddenly.

"I don't know, I suppose because it was the only thing I could do here. I work hard, and I'm doing well, and there isn't any one in Spurr City that can truthfully say a word against me." The girl held up her head proudly as she spoke.

"That's true," the Judge said.

"Yes; after father died, I didn't have five dollars in the world. I was all alone, helpless, almost friendless. I sat in the little cabin down by the Reese after the funeral, crying for father, for he had always been a good father to me; I felt as if there wasn't anybody on earth that cared anything for me. I had a good mind to go out and jump into the river and die there, where father had died. Then somebody came in to see me. He didn't say much, but what he did say dried my tears right up, and made me know that father had spoken truth when he said, after he passed in his checks, there was somebody up in the sky overhead that would look after me. I never was learned to pray, Judge, but just then, I did pray, not with my lips, but with my heart."

"This friend that came to see you offered you assistance, then?" the Judge questioned, a peculiar look in his stern eyes.

"Yes, he did; but he wasn't what you call a regular friend. I had never seen him but once before. He told me that the Reese had taken one father from me but had given me another, and he was the other."

"Why, I don't understand how that could be," said the Judge, puzzled at the words.

"It was true, but I'd rather not speak any more about that, if you please," Jinnie replied, a little embarrassed.

"Just as you please; but, go on with your story; I am very much interested."

"Then he told me that he intended to look out for me until I was able to take care of myself, and he asked me what I thought I would like to do. You've seen the lightning flash, Judge, haven't you, in a thunder storm?"

The Judge nodded assent.

"Well, just as quick as that, the thought came into my mind to take the Eldorado. When I told him of it, he looked grave, but, after thinking for a moment, he asked me if I thought I could run it. I told him I thought I could, and that settled the matter. I took the hotel, and you know the rest, Judge, as well as I do."

"Yes; I think I can guess who aided you."

"I don't want you to, Judge!" cried Jinnie, earnestly.

## CHAPTER XII.

## JUDGE JONES' QUESTION.

JUDGE JONES cast a long and steady glance into the face of the girl. It was evident that he was not pleased with her speech.

"You do not wish me, then, to guess who your friend is?" he said.

Jinnie replied by a single movement of the head.

"Do you know that I take a great interest in you, my girl?" the Judge asked, a strange hesitation evident in his speech.

"I'm sure, I'm very much obliged, Judge," Jinnie said, honestly.

"It pains me to see you leading the life that you do; something tells me to extend a hand, and try to lift you from it. Are you willing to be aided by me?"

For a moment Jinnie's gaze sought the floor. In the eyes of the Judge she read the full meaning of his words.

"You do not answer," he said, after waiting for a moment.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Judge, but I am getting along very well now," she replied, slowly. "If I should need a friend, why I'll remember what you've just said."

The Judge started to his feet and paced up and down the room for a few moments, his brow contracted in thought. Suddenly

he halted, facing the girl, and extended his hands to her.

"Give me your hands, Jinnie," he said, in a tone that betrayed traces of deep agitation.

Astonished at the request, the girl placed her little brown hands in the broad palms of the stalwart man.

Quickly, with a feverish haste, the fingers of the Judge closed around the little hands. He raised her from the chair to her feet and gazed, with an earnest look, into her face.

"Jinnie, do you love any one?" he questioned.

For a moment the face of the girl flushed crimson at the question. She strove to withdraw her hands from his, but he held her fast as by a grip of iron.

"You do not answer my question!" he cried, his lips trembling with a strange excitement.

"You have no right to ask it," Jinnie said, slowly, avoiding the earnest gaze of the Judge.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not!" he exclaimed, slowly; "still, I do ask it. Will you reply?"

"No."

The answer of the girl was low but firm; no trace of hesitation in her voice.

"The brows of the Judge contracted at her words.

"Then, if there is a man in Spurr City who loves you—a man rich, holding a good position in the world, esteemed by his fellows—if there is such a man, and he should come to you and say: 'I love you; will you let me take you from the unwomanly life that you are leading and place you before the world, the wife of a wealthy man?' what would be your answer?"

"No!"

Firmly and promptly the answer came.

"You will not change your mind?"

"No."

For a single moment, the Judge gazed into the earnest face of the girl; then he released her hands and turned away, walking to the other side of the room, he sat down in a chair, and placing his elbow upon the table near him, half hid his face in his hand.

Jinnie stood irresolute, not knowing whether to go or stay. The strange manner of the Judge surprised her.

"Do you wish to say anything more?" she asked, timidly.

"No; I will have the box sent up," he replied, in a strange, unnatural tone.

With a puzzled look upon her face, Jinnie left the express office.

The Judge remained for a few moments motionless, a dark look upon his massive face. Then he rose to his feet and began pacing, with a rapid step, up and down the narrow limits of the room.

"She loves him!" he muttered, in an angry tone. "I read the truth in the crimson flush that spread over her face at my question. Shall he have her?" There was an angry menace in his voice as he asked the question. "Yes, when the Reese river runs backward, and the peaks of the Sierra melt like the snow that lies upon them in the winter-time." The Judge compressed his lips firmly, and clenched his hands nervously, as though he held a foe in his grasp.

"His life or mine, eh?" A dreadful meaning in the simple question. "It must come to that, sooner or later. All the Reese river valley isn't big enough to hold both of us. I'll have him out of the way before another week goes by. It's strange what a fascination there is in this girl's face."

Then the Judge sat down to the table and commenced to write. The words he traced upon the paper threatened a human life.

Jinnie, returning to the Eldorado, met the lawyer, Mr. Rennet.

"Ah, by-the-by, Miss—"

"Jinnie," said the girl, as the lawyer hesitated.

"Yes, Miss Jinnie; can you tell me where I can find the gentleman who gave his room up to Miss Gwynne last night?" Rennet asked.

"Why, does she want to see him?" Jinnie asked, quickly.

"Yes, I—that is—of course it would be only common politeness for her to express to him her appreciation of his kindness," replied the old gentleman, rather embarrassed at Jinnie's direct question. Bernice, that morning, had astonished the lawyer by the eagerness with which she had requested an interview with Talbot. In obedience to her commands, the old gentleman had been searching for "Injun Dick" all the evening, but without success.

"She wants to see him?" repeated Jinnie, thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied Rennet, who couldn't understand why the young girl was so particular in regard to the matter.

"I don't know where he is," Jinnie said; "I haven't seen him since last night."

"Can you inform me of any place where I would be likely to find him?"

"Perhaps he's up in the Gully."

"The Gully?"

"Yes, Gopher Gully; it's about two miles up the valley. Follow the river till you come to where a little creek runs into it; then turn to your right; the camp is only about a hundred yards or so from the river."

"You think that I will be likely to find him there?"

"I don't know anything about it," replied Jinnie, with a shake of the head. "But he's just as likely to be there as anywhere else."

"And just as likely not to be there, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" Rennet came to the speedy conclusion that he hadn't obtained much information.

Jinnie went on her way toward the saloon, leaving the old lawyer in a rather puzzled state of mind.

"Bless me! I wonder why she was so anxious to know if Bernice wanted to see this young man?" muttered the lawyer.

"I suppose that I may as well go back to the hotel, and tell Bernice that I can't find the young man. I don't think it will be of any use for me to travel two miles up this valley, over the rocks and through the mud. It's ten chances to one that I shall only have my labor for my pains."

So, having come to this determination, Rennet returned to the hotel. He went at once to Bernice's room. He found the young girl gazing out of the window.

Bernice turned eagerly as the old lawyer entered the room.

"Well?" she questioned, in haste, almost before he had entered the apartment.

"I haven't been able to find him," Rennet said, understanding what she wished to know.

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Bernice, petulantly.

"My dear child, I have inquired all over this delightful city, and no one seems able to

tell where he is to be found. I asked the landlady—that young girl, you know—and she said that he might be in a place called Gopher Gully, two miles up the valley, but the chances were that he might not be there."

"Did you tell her that I wanted to see him?" Bernice asked.

"No; I didn't tell her so—that is, not until she asked me. She guessed it some way."

"Then she would not tell if she knew?" exclaimed Bernice, impetuously.

"Oh!" cried the lawyer, in astonishment; "why not?"

"I can't—well, only a fancy of mine," Bernice replied, in some little confusion. "Where is this Gopher Gully?"

"Follow the river up two miles to a creek; then turn to the right."

"I'm tired of staying in the house; I'll go for a walk," the girl said, suddenly, rising and taking her hat and cloak.

"Shall I accompany you, my dear?"

"I won't trouble you; I'm only going a little way," Bernice replied.

Leaving the lawyer utterly astounded at her sudden determination, Bernice left the hotel.

She followed the little road that led along by the river. Soon she left Spurr City behind her. The road wound along, flanked by river, rocks and pines. A man going toward the city came in sight. At the first glance, Bernice recognized him. The man approaching was Dick Talbot!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 65.)

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS.

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOTHING AT LAST.

ONE week after the death of Mark Blanchard, Blanche Davenant sat in her little rose-colored boudoir, thinking of the past, and wondering if ever Graham Cecil would come back to her.

"Missa, dar is a gen'lman in de parlo' as wants to see you." Did he not send up his card? asked Blanche, surprised.

"No, missa; he sed, as how you'd know it wa' him, an' dat he's jest gotten home an' has no cards."

Blanche got up, glanced in her mirror, shook out the folds of her rich robe, and descended the stairs. Her heart was thumping wildly; she half suspected who the stranger was, and when she pushed open the drawing-room door, and stood face to face with Graham Cecil, she did not faint or exclaim, but simply reached out her hands and clasped to say, very low and softly, "Cecil!"

They were very, very happy now, and it was not until midnight that Graham Cecil joined Dr. Gibson, Tillie and her father at the St. James Hotel.

Two weeks after, Graham Cecil claimed Blanche Davenant for his own.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

It was a beautiful October evening; the stars twinkled like diamonds in the soft blue of an autumn sky; the forest was all aflame with the glories of the dying year; and the smooth, untruffled current of the Cumberland crept toward the broad Ohio through a landscape, so lovely, that it would be difficult to describe.

Close to the water's edge walked Tillie Blanchard and Doctor Gibson. She looked very sweet and womanly in the rich glow of the twilight, and more mature, possibly, than when we saw her last, for five long years have rolled away since then, but more dignified, and I think a trifle handsomer, too.

The twain were talking earnestly as they went, and finally the doctor said:

"Tillie, I have refrained from telling you what has been in my heart these many years, because—well, because I thought perhaps you could not reciprocate my feelings; and, although not naturally a diffident man, I feared a refusal."

Tillie did not speak at once, but continued to pluck to pieces the flower she held in her hand, scattering its bright leaves behind her as she walked on.

He expected a reply, however, and her silence piqued him some. At length he stopped, and, turning quickly upon his heel, looked his companion full in the face.

"Tillie, have you no answer for me—have I waited all these years in vain?"

She dropped the flower and gazed earnestly into his face a moment. Then the tears came creeping into the corners of her pretty eyes, one by one, until, in very coyness, she dropped the long fringe-like lashes down and wept.

He could not understand this, and he said, coldly, "Do not weep, Tillie. There is no occasion for tears, I can assure you. I was foolish to expect you to love one whom you have only seen a half-dozen times in five years. I will try to forget this."

She laid her hand upon his arm and exclaimed:

"Don't! Oh, Bert Gibson, don't go on in that way. You are killing me with your words!"

"I do not mean to reproach you, Tillie. Believe me when I say that I am only sorry you can not return the love I bear you."

He spoke very solemnly now, and grasped the hand she extended to him. They turned their steps in the direction of Tillie's house now, and, when they had walked a short distance, she stopped suddenly, and said:

"Bert Gibson, I have something to say to you—something I thought I should never be able to say again to any man."

He was about to speak, but she warned him into silence.

"When I gave my hand to Mark Blanchard I loved him as few men have ever been loved—with a love that did not perish until there was nothing left for it to cling to. You know this. You know how wild, how passionate was my affection for that man. You, too, know how it all ended. You came to me in my darkest hour; when despair had crazed my brain; when I had lost all faith in mankind. You have been good, and kind and noble to me."

"Tillie, I'm sure—"

"No, don't interrupt me. As I have said, you have taught me that all men are not bad, and, during many years, I have worshiped you as my good angel. When

you wrote to me that you were coming to Tennessee, on important business, I counted the days and the hours until you came; and when, last night, you told me you were going away, I cried through the whole night."

She burst into tears again, and Doctor Gibson folded her closely in his arms, and whispered:

"After the storm cometh the calm, darling. There are bright days in store for thee yet."

"And, do you think, Bert, you can love me, knowing all you know of my misfortunes?"

"Your misfortunes were not of your own making, darling, and instead of detracting from your virtues, in any way, they have made you, in my eyes at least, sacred."

"And we shall never go back to New Orleans again."

"If you do not wish to go there, most certainly not."

"Oh, I never do," she said. "I want to live here in Tennessee where my happiest days were spent."

"Then so you shall," he answered.

The snow lay deep on the ground and the branches of the trees were heavy with a wealth of crisp flakes, when Tillie Maynard stood by Bert Gibson's side, and took upon herself the vows of wifehood.

It was a pleasant wedding-party, with plenty of dancing and feasting; and, on the following day, the wedded couple started for Europe for a three-years' tour.

Shortly after Bradley Turner left New Orleans he entered into a real-estate business, from which he realized handsomely, and one year after he married pretty Magdaleen Houghton, and is now a prosperous business man in New York city.

Poor unfortunate Silas Norman, or, as we have learned to call him, Jack Ramsey, died in the Missouri State's prison only a few days ago.

THE END.

Fairy's Maniac Lover.

BY M. O. ROLFE.

"FAIRY, will you marry me?"

Jean Stuyvesant stood there with both of Fairy Somerton's hands clasped tightly in his own, looking down upon her pretty face with a world of wild, passionate love burning in his large, handsome black eyes.

"Fairy!" he entreated, passionately, "will you not answer me? Will you be my wife, Fairy?"

Fairy withdrew her hands, and raised her eyes until they met those wildly eloquent ones of Jean Stuyvesant.

"No," she said, softly and slowly, like one who is compelled to say something that gives another pain. "No, Jean, I can not marry you."

"Oh, Fairy, I love you so!"

She did not speak, but stood there before him, almost frightened by the wild, unnatural light that shone in his eyes.

"Oh, Fairy, do not tell me that you do not love me! For three months—three bright and happy months—I have lived only in the hope of one day calling you mine! Oh, Fairy, darling, do not tell me that I have hoped in vain!"

"But, Jean, I do not love you as your wife should."

"You must love me, Fairy! You shall love me! I can not live without you."

And he again seized her hand and kissed it.

"Oh, Jean," she said, "I can not marry you; I do not love you well enough; and I—I am the betrothed wife of another man!"

A weird, strange light flashed in Jean Stuyvesant's eyes, and his dark, handsome face became distorted with the intensity of his mad, unrequited love.

"Fairy Somerton," he said, "I shall go mad if this lasts much longer! I shall go mad—mad, as my poor mother did—as mad as she did! You say that you love another. You shall never wed another! No! No! No other man shall ever call you wife! You love Julian May; but—and he raised his hand and swung it wildly about him, while a dark, awful look settled on his face—but you shall never marry him!"

"Oh, Jean," said Fairy, pale, and frightened at his wild manner, "leave me now, won't you? It will be better for us both."

"Yes, Fairy, I will leave you now, if you wish it; but I shall come again. I believe I am mad already. Fairy, Julian May shall never have you. You are to be mine! mine! Ha! ha! Fairy, mine!"

Jean turned away abruptly, and was gone in a moment, out of sight in the shrubbery; but Fairy heard his wild laugh still.

She left the garden and went into the house, and up into her own little room to sit down by the window and ponder on the strange, unaccountable passion with which Jean Stuyvesant had received her rejection of him.

"I fear it is as he said; he is really insane!"

She disrobed and threw herself on the bed; but not to rest. Her slumber was broken by horrible dreams, and Jean Stuyvesant's weird, unearthly laugh seemed to ring in her ears continually.

In the morning she received a note from Jean Stuyvesant. It read thus:

"FAIRY—I am going away soon. You will never see me but once again. Oh, Fairy, you will not refuse my last request? Will you drive out with me at three o'clock this afternoon? I will be at the door at that time. Yours, JEAN STUYVESANT."

Fairy accepted the invitation with a strange presentiment of something terrible, which she tried in vain to put away.

When Jean Stuyvesant came, she watched him narrowly; but not a trace of the mad passion of the night before was visible. He appeared calm and untroubled; and, somewhat reassured, Fairy allowed him to hand her to her place in the carriage and seat himself beside her.

The road led along the hillside. On one hand the hill sloped up rough and jagged, in bold relief against the summer sky, and on the other an abyss yawned darkly, its rugged, craggy jutting out here and there entirely obscuring the black stream which had its course at the bottom.

Jean drove slowly along the narrow, rocky road. He had only spoken once since they started, and they were nearly a mile from the house. The silence was oppressive, and Fairy said, looking in a half-frightened way up into his face:

"Your note said that you were going away. Where are you going?"

Jean Stuyvesant started from the abstract-

ed mood into which he had fallen, and said, in a voice awfully calm and emotionless:

"I am going to heaven, Fairy! Did you ever imagine to yourself how heaven looks?"

"Jean Stuyvesant, what do you mean?" she said, recoiling to the further end of the seat.

"I mean what I said," he answered. "I am going to heaven! It is a beautiful place, all paved with gold and precious stones. You shall go, too, Fairy—we will go together!"

"My God, he is mad!" thought Fairy, shuddering at the dread conviction.

"Yes," continued the madman, "we will go to heaven together. We will be very happy there, won't we, dear?"

A little further on the road turned abruptly to the right, and at this point the gorge was directly before the horse, which was nearing it at a brisk trot.

The maniac rose on his feet with a wild cry, and struck the spirited animal a smart blow with the whip, causing him to rush forward with redoubled speed.

With a shriek—a shriek that rung through the wildwood on the rough hillside, and was echoed and re-echoed by the huge boulders composing the sides of the gorge, Fairy essayed to leap from the carriage. She felt a heavy hand press her back again on the seat, and the madman said:

"Sit still, Fairy, darling—we are almost there. I think I hear the angels singing even now!"

And he raised his whip and urged the horse onward at a still greater speed.

They were almost on the verge of the precipice. A moment more and the frightened horse would drag the carriage and its human load over the rocks into that black, awful place.

Fairy cowered down on the rug at the carriage bottom and breathed an inward prayer for mercy. The maniac's hand was on her head, and he said, in the same awfully calm tones in which he had spoken before:



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## Dr. Turner's Great Romance!

We have the pleasure of saying to our readers that week after next (Number 73 SATURDAY JOURNAL), will be given the opening chapters of

**BESSIE RAYNOR,**

**THE FACTORY GIRL.**

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "KABEL VANE," "MISSING FINGER," "UNDER RAIL," "FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," ETC., ETC.

All of Dr. Turner's works are characterized by great power of narrative style, subtlety of plot and strength of action; but in no work from his pen has he shown more intense force and originality than in this new romance.

## "A STORY OF THE LOOMS"

It is; but something more. It is a mysterious life revelation, in which the humble and lowly walk, side by side, with the purse-proud aristocrat and the richly-dowered belle. It is

## A STORY OF A TRIPLE CRIME,

in the shadow of which walks not only the villain with the red hand but also his coadjutor, who dwells in a princely home. It is

## A STORY OF WOMAN'S LOVE

—of two women's love, where heart-strings are strained almost to breaking and the flood of human sorrows almost drowns the sweet life that lives to suffer and grow strong. It is

## A Strange Story of a Wronged Man.

And from it all comes that grand lesson which Fate is sure to teach every evil-doer—that the aggregate of each life is a compensation: Satan will claim his own.

It is one of the stories which is read with breathless interest, and adds another to the series of literary triumphs which have served to give the SATURDAY JOURNAL such pre-eminence in Popular Literature.

## Foolscap Papers.

### My Old Friend.

I HAVE been attached to many people in the course of my life, but the very oldest friend I ever had was Methuselah. I say this without joking. I first met him when he was an innocent youth of three hundred and fifty-eight springs, and at the time I met him he was engaged in trying to drive a couple of pigs out of his lot without opening the gate. When I suggested the idea of opening the gate to him he paused in the exciting chase, wiped his brow on his shirt-sleeve, looked at me in expressive wonder, looked at the gate, and said if that philosophical suggestion had been made to him early in the morning it would have saved him a great deal of hard work, for he had been driving those pigs around the lot all day. From that moment dates our friendship.

As he lived in an age that has but few living representatives, a few interesting memories of him will be pleasing to my readers.

Thus, as we used familiarly to call him, you are aware, lived to a very great age, owing to a strict habit he had of never dying till the very last moment.

He never got so tired of old age that he wished himself dead, and he never safely recorded of him that he never committed suicide as long as he lived, and was never buried until after he died.

He lived long enough to have the satisfaction of standing by the graves of all his enemies.

He once made a contract with a hotel keeper to keep him the balance of his life, from his fiftieth year, for the consideration of fifteen hundred dollars, but the landlord expired before the contract did.

He never allowed himself to be called the old man, and never had the rheumatism in his bones, or at least he never complained to me about it, and his eyesight was so good that I never could pass a counterfeit National Bank bill on him, and he could tell a fly in his coffee as quick as any man, although his landlady did take it out with a spoon and say, "No, that was no fly, it was only a coffee-ground," but she couldn't fool him, he was too old for that, and had seen too many flies in his coffee.

He was always considered the oldest inhabitant in the part where he resided, and was (always, I think) many years older than his father.

He never could be induced to cast a vote until he was five hundred years old, for he always considered he was a mere boy up to that age.

It was no uncommon thing for him to lie down and take a little nap twelve months long—it was hardly more to him than a night's sleep to us.

The undertakers never made a great deal by waiting for him, and his expectant nephews expected a good while and finally gave up—the ghost.

His memory reached further back than any other man's I ever knew.

What hours could he have afforded to squander in sitting on the door-step of his love, looking at new circus bills on the fence, watching a dog fight on the street, playing billiards or waiting for a friend to keep his promise without any regard for the rapid flight of time!

He never had any need to be in a hurry. If he had any bills to meet he could content himself with the assurance that he had plenty of time for it; indeed, I never was intimate with any one who had greater cause to be happy.

In matters of dress he always adhered strictly to the fashions of his forefathers—a swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a standing collar, behind which he used to sleep in church, boots fashioned with an eye single to corns, jeans pants made him look every inch the modern gentleman of the ancient school.

He was a boy of four hundred summers before a sign of a mustache appeared on his lip, and the fact worried him a good deal, as he had just begun to go out among the girls, and was as particular about a mustache as I used to be.

He was quite old for his youth, quite short for his length, and very narrow for his width. He stood two feet in his shoes, six feet two inches from the crown of his feet to the sole of his head, and weighed when he wasn't very hungry two hundred pounds, Troy (N. Y.) weight.

When he first heard that Horace Greeley was going to swing around the circle in Texas he looked troubled and said he never had anything against those Texas people. He was a man of the most delicate feelings and sentiments.

He had the "oldest head" on him that I ever saw on anybody, and nobody could ever get ahead of him—he had none to spare—and he invariably looked down upon men one hundred years old as mere infants.

If he had never stopped growing, what a tall man would he have been!

He died merely because time had got tired of his exhaustless draw upon it—cut off untimely in the very prime of his life, respected by all who knew him.

Sorrowfully,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## ON DIT.

Our contributors, we are pleased to learn, are almost all hailing off to "pleasant groves and pastures sweet," for their season of rest. Mr. Bartly T. Campbell is chronicled, we see by the Pittsburgh papers, as being at Long Branch. "The guest of the man who owns the Pennsylvania Legislature," Mr. Albert W. Alken has recently been "re-absorbed" himself up in Connecticut and down on the Long Island sea-shore, preparatory to his coming campaign with his star troupe, with which he doubtless will have a most brilliant "run," for he is as popular on the stage as with his romancer's pen in hand. Mrs. Crowell, though a resident of the beautiful town of Paterson, N. J., will throw herself into "fashion's currents" during the "visiting season," and thus glean new material for her pen portraits of fashionable life. She is a sharp observer, evidently. Eve Lawless is rusticiating in Maine—a capital place in which to grow philosophic and critical! Mr. Morris has a very pleasant tour in prospect. "The printer's first," he writes. His next serial is well "under weigh." Captain Chas. Howard lately paid the Great City a visit, finding it something of a contrast to his pleasant Ohio home. Mr. Whitehorn is meditating a trip to the penal colony at Sidney; then to Gravesend; then to Chiselmhurst, for material for his forthcoming great work on the "Amelioration of the condition of Men without Money." He is now, we are informed, in somewhat reduced circumstances, having lost the greater part of his family—for the summer!—Our editors will "vacate" for a while during the hot term, but studiously keep to themselves the chosen spot of their journey for fear of railroad passes, which they are afraid to use in consequence of the non-liability of railways for accidents to "dead-heads."

## CONCEALED WEAPONS.

THERE is no practice more dangerous to the safety of the community at large, than the habit—unfortunately too common in America—of carrying concealed weapons. By our laws it is a punishable offense, although it is but seldom the violator feels the rigor of the law.

The citizen who goes abroad armed with a "six-shooter," a bowie-knife, or a harmless-looking little "Derringer," naturally claims that he has a perfect right to go armed; he carries the weapon—whatever it may be—solely for self-defense. He has no intention of injuring or of attacking anybody. Of course, he is perfectly correct, that he has the right to defend himself. He plausibly says: "I do not carry a slung-shot, a pair of brass knuckles, or a billy,"—the "life-preserver" of the English rough.

"If I were to carry such a weapon as any one of these I have named, it might reasonably be supposed that I intended to attack some one—that I did not carry the weapon only for self-defense." But, why not? Why shouldn't a man carry a slung-shot as well as a revolver—a pair of brass knuckles as well as a bowie-knife—or a "life-preserver" as well as a "Derringer"?

The three weapons common to the "dangerous classes," are really not as dangerous to human life as the weapons of the gentleman.

The practice of carrying concealed weapons is utterly, thoroughly wrong; the law against it should be strictly enforced.

There is not a day in the week, but a human life is sacrificed to the atrocious custom.

The man who carries arms goes prepared for a quarrel; half the time, he is ready to provoke one. He relies on the concealed weapons that he carries to bring him safely through it.

The moment a man conceals a weapon about his person, in nine cases out of ten, he puts murder into his heart. The means of death are ready to his hand. He walks abroad and meets a man, between whom and himself there is bad blood; perhaps only a trifling quarrel; the chance expression that, at any other time, unarmed, he would not have noticed, now serves him as a pretext to draw his concealed weapon and murder the man against whom he has an idle grudge. And, nine times out of ten, too, the murderer escapes unwhipped of justice.

We are only stating sober facts in asserting this, for in some of the States of our Union, such a thing as convicting a man of homicide for killing another in a quarrel, was never yet heard of. The men who compose the juries are fully convinced that, in a personal quarrel, a man has a perfect right to "defend himself," by using a concealed weapon.

Many a weeping widow and fatherless

child mourns the day when the husband and father buckled on a revolver to "defend himself with."

The practice of carrying concealed weapons is but a scion of the murderous practice of dueling. The good sense of the world has abolished the one; can it not frown down the other?

Even at the present moment, as we read of the death of one of our eminent politicians by the accidental discharge of a pistol, it is stated that he was wounded by his own weapon. These few words fully express how prevalent is the custom of carrying concealed weapons. A prominent man, respected by all, living in a quiet country town, thinks it is necessary to bear arms for self-defense!

A Fejee Islander making observations of our manners would be fully justified in thinking that our boasted civilization contains strong traces of the barbarisms of the savage.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have drifting into our hands, a large number of communications and contributions which are, in fact, owing to their brevity or want of specific character, yet which, in themselves, would be of interest to a large class of readers, if a place could be assigned them. They comprise jokes, queer personal experiences, interesting incidents of home and school, adventure, descriptions of odd or peculiar persons, puns, items of information, etc., etc.

To render these *waifs* available, we have determined to find space for OUR OMNIBUS column, wherein can be given all such of these minor contributions as seem worthy of print; and we therefore solicit from our correspondents, old and young, contributions to the OMNIBUS, which is their own vehicle for getting before the public. Send along what is good, in the departments above referred to, and we will try and give them a hearing. Let each communication be brief, and right to the point. That is an essential to use.

## A SERIOUS SERMON.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

TEXT.—"Born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

To be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth is usually accounted a streak of luck hardly excelled in this world. It implies a rich father who can provide for his offspring in a manner that lifts him above the vulgar and ignominious herd, placing him more or less remote from those who are compelled to grub for their living.

The boy who chances to be born with an iron, or even a silver-plated spoon in his mouth always looks with envy upon the son of a rich father. He bemoans his own lot as a hard one and is disposed to criticize the justice and discrimination with which silverware was distributed in Pate's Grand Gift Lottery. He knows dozens of boys, or thinks he does, whose tender and unused gums were first made familiar with spoons of the cheapest material and rudest manufacture who were better entitled to the silver spoon than the spoonery who drew it. But it is one of the compensating peculiarities of birth in this country that the boy who comes into the world with no acquaintance with spoons whatever, may find himself with spoons of gold in his manhood; while the one whose infancy is daintily fed with a silver spoon may grow up to be fed on husks.

In nine cases out of ten the rich father of to-day commenced life a poor boy. He is fond of telling about his early struggles with poverty, and the obstacles he met and overcome. He relates how at sixteen years of age he made up a little bundle and marched boldly and sturdily forth from his father's humble abode to do battle with the world and win a fortune for himself. The chances are, however, that instead of marching boldly forth he stole away in the night—ran away from home, if the truth was known. But as it turned out all right, no one is disposed to question how he got away from the old man.

Enterprise and industry, together with an ambition to do better by his son than his father had done for him, won the day, and the poor boy with the bundle becomes the man of many possessions. His sons are brought up as the sons of rich men usually are. They don't go barefooted from their father's door. They are not kept from school to work. They can handle a billiard cue but not a hoe, and can pick out chords on a piano but couldn't chop a cord of wood.

No necessity for their making up a little bundle at sixteen and stealing away from home to make their way in the world, or make any thing else. If they did there would be a heavy reward offered for their return, and a slaughtering of the pampered juvenescent bovine when they got back.

But when these youths grow up to useless manhood, and develop no ambition beyond spending money, then it is the rich father who whines over the degeneracy of our young men. "Twasn't so when I was young," says he. "Boys weren't afraid to work then. Wonder what I would ever have accomplished had I been like my boy." And then he brings out that inevitable bundle which he made up at sixteen, or thereabouts, and taking it on his shoulder, for the thousandth time, marches steadily forth in search of his fortune; crossing, on foot, he don't know how many chains of mountains, and wading, he wouldn't undertake to say how many raging rivers before he found it.

Now, who shall say his slothful and pleasure-loving sons would not have done the same thing had they been reared as he was? or who affirm that he would have acted differently from them had he too been born with that silver spoon in his mouth? The rich father rarely takes these different conditions into account when he mourns a dissolute and spendthrift son. After rearing him in idleness and luxury from infancy he wonders he don't develop those admirable qualities of industry and frugality which necessity forced him to cultivate.

Don't be too hard on the rich man's son, therefore. That he don't turn out well is as often the fault of his rearing as of himself. He couldn't help being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and the fact that he was renders him a subject for commiseration, frequently, rather than of reproach. What a rich man's son who has turned out badly, might have risen to usefulness and honor had his parents been poor, no matter whether they were honest or not.

## LONG INSTALLMENTS.

The custom, which some of the popular story papers practice, of habitually giving very long installments of their serials—thus to crowd in small detachments of eight or nine stories—is an error which we usually avoid. Our general plan is to give liberal space to each serial running in our columns—enough to satisfy the reader and to sustain the interest of the narrative. We present, in the course of the year, just as many romances as if we doled them out in mere dribbles, as some of our contemporaries do. Long installments give opportunity for the frequent starting of new serials. By constraining our authors to condensation and graphic delineation, we succeed in obtaining, in ten or twelve numbers, what, in other papers, would extend to eighteen or twenty issues. We give in the concrete what they give "in solution," and the readers of romance—judging by the favor with which the SATURDAY JOURNAL is received—are exceedingly well pleased that our paper is "down on" interminable stories given in small doses.

## Our Omnibus.

"Roost for all and never full," is said of the "bus"; so we may say of this column. It is the "correspondent's own," open for all things grave and gay in prose or verse—news, gossip, anecdotes, odd stories of old characters and whatever has in it the elements of a pleasant paragraph or item of information. Only that which is comparatively brief can find place.

From Jupiter Snodgrass we have this epistle:

"Mi epistle shall be trefe. An anshunt flyseer wuns remarkt, Brevety is the sole of wil. I respect that flyseer. He noo benes. I respect enny wun who nose benes. I no benes myself sumtimes. I o fen wish other people wud respect that same flyseer wuns in a wile and sese for a time to bore an intelyget public with thare long tails. These peple I consider wun of the menny kursoris of the human rase. I number sum among mi frends. They introod upon yure valyooable time, & compel you by mane force to listen to funi storis a yard long in wich the lart comes in a way at the end, and then it don't cum—storis wich in yure yure don't cum yure granmother insilled into yure furetil brand. O wood that they mite remember the maksim ear it is too lait.

But befor I fill mi limited space with moralizashuns on the fratis of human kind (on wich subjeck bi the way, I am at present engad in ritin a lengthy volyum wich please order at wunse if you want a copy) as I expect an imens demant, 75 sent & a stamp (3 sent) and dog chepe at that) I will make a fu remark on the prinsepel theme of this epistle, viz. the omnibuss hoss.

The omnibuss hoss in his nativ stait is taim; only bi constant overfeedin and bein deprived of all eksersize either voile or instrumentally, has he becom the feroshuss, bludthirsty monster that he is.

Sum omnibuss hosses hav for laigs, but as a genral thing they prefur to travle on 8, probly to save sho lether.

The avrag mesurment round the stumk of a good holly hoss of this brede is 15 inches, but I noo wun, hoo dide sumtun ago, hooos dimenshuns in this part of the body reched the startlin figger of 23 1/2 inches. But this was an eksordinary case. The hoss had the dropsy, & had bin gorgin himself that same da on 5 otes, wich akownts for his bloted aperence. It was the laur wich pruvd his ruin, and corzed his untimely end—livin too hi. He was never satisfied with the ordinary amount aloud to his felo hosses, but must daly stuf & cram his capashus belly to eksess. As a natral consekins of his glutenes he was takin with the aperleksey wich galopin galy befor his favorit stage, & fel to the ground a fomin corps. But for this wun failin he was a noble anymel; his marsters trusted him perfekly and mornd his deth as thar own bruther. He was 50 years old at his desese and in the prime of life.

Menny peple consider the drivers cruil hoo persistently bete thare hosses on all okashuns, but I asure yu gentel rider, it is not so. The hosses engoy it hujly. It improves thare komplekshun, and hasens the digestun to a remarkable degre, besidz keepin the body in a continoal stait of locomoshun, wich keeps down all needless flesh, and corzes thare ribs to piktyreskly stand out, wich give them the aperence of the striped zebra of the sandy planes, thareby combinin pleyzur with profit, a mennazyury with a stajle cooh line.

Hopin this litt theasos on the noblist of all kretyuns contanes no aparent lys, I am afekshunly yurs

JUPITER SNODGRASS.

Walters, the Chambers street lamp-dealer, evidently has some queer customers to provide for. A late order from a town in Central Ohio reads as follows:

pleas lat me no wether i kin git dam tobs on dam pattent borses i bot out Rakes & son set me the pris of dam if you kin sell lam wiout the lamb i hat a gotle Cole for the borner wit out the lamb

you trule

front J—C—

under Sand me rite i mean the pattent cantel tobo so it kin be pot on a clas lamb.

[We may add, to assist in understanding the above, that "lamb" means lamp; "tob" means top; "clas" means glass; "dam" means them; "borses" means burners.]

J. R. G. spins us these jokes:

Bob Young attempted to explain to his class the state of things in the Temple when Christ made a scourge of small cords and drove the money-changers out.

"You see," said Bob, "they had a whole lot of things in the church for sale."

"Oh, yes," said little Sam, "just like you once had in our church!"

Bob is down on church fairs, now.

One of the Sandwich judges is named II; but, whether it is pronounced Big-I-Little-I, Double-I, Eye-eye or My-eyes, nobody can tell.

H. E. H. offers for consideration these combination verses:

THE SONG OF SONGS—"Love is the theme."

"Thou art gone from my gaze," "They bid me forget thee,"

"But thou shalt forever 'Live in my heart';"

"Sift I'll love thee," and will ever love thee,"

Fondly "I'll love thee to the last," "Sweet heart."

"So lonely without thee," "We may be happy yet!"

"Oh in the stilly night," "I've 'Heard a Spirit sing."

"Have patience till to-morrow,"—in my heart I placed the flowers

"Beautiful Hope," and "Hope from Sorrow takes the sting."

"I'll 'Rest it like a man,' and 'Not be broken down,'"

"But 'What will you do Love,'" "My little drooping flower?"

The "Smile of Memory" stays, tho' "Those happy days are gone—"

"Beautiful spirit, spirit of love," I feel thy power.

"We've lived and loved together,"—These things can never die."

"My angel," "My own, my guiding star,"—I love but thee."

From the country of the Spring, till "The swallows homeward fly,"

My song shall be—"Pencee a noi, mon chere amee!"

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage at two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked, Book MS., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS., as "copy," "third," length, etc. Two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. Never send on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We return as unavailable MS. by Mrs. R. A. McK., reinforcing, also, overlap of stamps to one who can so lovingly write of those grown old; "The Fatal Stop," and "too long," the story it tells—a very common fault with inexperienced authors; "The Reported Report"—which is simply ridiculous—not worth the paper on which it is written; "Grandmother's Story," good enough for some youth's magazine, were not the whole idea stolen from Alice Cary's poem of the same name; "Prince of Bad Fellows," which, though decidedly striking and well written, is so tainted in moral that the author had better send it to some Magazine or Illustrated Weeklies which would not mind it. Never send on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

PETER G. is informed that a Peter's-fish is the common haddock, which is so called because the spots on its side are supposed to be the marks of St. Peter's fingers, which, though decidedly striking and well written, is so tainted in moral that the author had better send it to some Magazine or Illustrated Weeklies which would not mind it. Never send on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

CHAS. H. S. Story not available as before announced. No stamps were inclosed for return, or MS. would have been remitted. Our orders, as expressed above, are explicit enough, surely. We can not make them more so; not even when we make aside for the benefit of particular persons. All must abide by them, whether known or unknown to fame.

Miss P. C. B. We are sure Alice Cary wrote the poem "Uncle Joe," now going to the printer, and upon her name. It is a very dangerous thing for persons to claim the authorship of anonymous productions. We once heard of a city Bohemian who, at a large party, claimed the authorship of the novel, "Dead Letter," then making some sensation in literary circles, and the impostor, for a while, was called a lion; but, when the author was discovered, the Bohemian was voted by all decent persons as a worthless scoundrel. Moral: never claim what is not your own.

HERBERT HERBERT. Yes, swallows and other birds do return in the spring, to their haunts of the previous year. Swallows seek the same chimney or barn, and return along the same path, and so on, each year and leave at the same time, each fall. We have now piping around our country home what we believe are the same quails which have haunted our fields for three years. They seem to know us! "Have birds reason?" you ask. We don't know what it is, if it is not reason, that guides birds in their movements, and makes them so sure of their whereabouts. See a paper in the Atlantic Monthly for July.

Mrs. HELEN B. of E. Ohio, writes complaining somewhat bitterly of the swallows perpetrating upon her by seedmen. She says her flower-garden, prepared with so much care, is a downright failure—three separate plantings of flowers, and one of seedlings were perfectly worthless. Just so; the experience of thousands, as we have before stated in this column. As a rule, don't set your heart on flower seeds unless you know who raised them!

MARY E. E. The use of monograms is still "in style" for writing paper and envelopes. German text letter is the prettiest for calling cards. To recent note paper with any striking design is not a fail. Musk is simply abominable. Labini's Extracts are best.

R. M. If a person breaks into your house and you find it necessary to use violence to defend yourself, you are justified in doing so. If in the struggle you should kill him, the law would bring it in a case of justifiable homicide.

ALERT writes: "I am in love with a very pretty girl; she is an orphan, twenty-two years old; her temper is excellent; she is well educated and thoroughly domestic; she is a devoted mother, and from stern necessity she has been obliged to take a situation inferior to her position. Do you think that it would be wise for me to marry her? If you feel that you truly love her, yes. There is no disgrace in honest labor. You should feel a pride in rescuing one who possesses so many excellent qualifications for making a good wife and mother. Her position, and by the act making her happy. Do not be influenced by the foolish talking of the worldlings who think that rich is every thing in this life, but be guided solely by your own judgment."

SCHOLAR. A is the first letter of the alphabet in all languages, except the Ethiopic, in which it is the thirteenth. In the Ethiopic, it is the first of at least four different sounds, as exemplified in the words, *fall, father, fate and fat*. A in abbreviations, sometimes stands for the Latin words, *artium and animo*; as M. A. *magister artium*, master of arts; A. D. *anno domini*, in the year of our Lord. Among the ancients, A was a numeral, denoting 500, or, as it is called, a half-million. It is also the first of the small letter with a dash, as each for the Greek word *alpha*, which signifies *each, separately*, or, that the things mentioned stand apart, and are not quantities of the same weight or measure. In music, A is the sixth note of the natural diatonic scale.

E. C. T. asks: "Is there such a thing in the



BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

## Strange Stories.

## BY AGILE PENNE

had been waving its green arms toward me, trying to coax me out from the shelter of the bungalow, finding that its effects were fruitless, *moved gently, with a gliding motion toward me!* It quitted its jungle brother, crossed the little open space that intervened between the bungalow and the thicket, the

The six ranged themselves around my couch and glared upon me with joyful eyes.

At a sign from their leader, four of the Hindoos placed themselves one at each corner of the bamboo couch. They lifted

then draw nearer me. Regarding her, the host and his clerks are dumb, and the regent tells nothing. By Jove! I can stand this suspense no longer. I will—no, too late now. I must wait till morning.

Having gracefully donned his exquisite lavender kids, he left the chamber, and

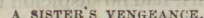
Brighton believed his sable informer, a lost no time in penciling the following up a leaf of his memorandum:

"MISS TREMAINE—Will you not receive adorer to morrow? Please answer by bearer."

June 23d, 186—, ALPHONSE BRIGHTON.

Need I follow the train of lightning thought and the incredible resolve—oh! pitiable?

For one moment she suffered him to waver upon her words; then, looking carelessly on the swaying blossoms—somehow the



## BY T. C. HARRBAUGH

Having gracefully donned his exquisite lavender kids, he left the chamber, and

MISS TREMAINE—Will you not receive a  
 adorer to morrow? Please answer by bearer.  
 June 23d, 186—. ALPHONSE BRIGHTON."

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

For one moment she suffered him to wait upon her words; then, looking carelessly out on the swaying blossoms—somehow the



were distasteful to her, of a sudden—she laughed; a low, thrilling music, but that sent a booming knell to John Vane's heart.

"I had not the remotest idea of such a thing, Doctor Vane. We have always been such good friends that I hoped—hoped to escape from this."

Oh, how cruel, how heartless! and yet every word she uttered was a dagger in her own heart.

And Doctor John Vane compressed his handsome, firm lips, and echoed her words in his heart.

"Escape from his love!"

And had it all come to that? all ended in this girl he had idolized telling him she had hoped to "escape" from him?

He was a man used to conceal his emotions, save when he suffered himself to give up to them. A moment ago, he had shown Grace, his darling, how he loved her; now he would not let her know how she had mortally wounded him.

"I was awkward. I beg your pardon, Miss Hadley."

That closed it all; from that hour he never varied from his frigid courtesy to her when they met, and it was often.

And Grace?

"I would like to know what is going on up at the Vane's. There's been three surgeons there all the morning, and such a running and confusion I never saw."

Annie Hadley, the fifteen year old sister of demure Grace, came flying into the room, all aflame with the startling news; her eyes bright as stars, her hair standing in untamable curls all over her head.

Grace started, and her sewing fell from her fingers.

"Surgeons at Doctor Vane's! Annie, what can it be for? Perhaps his mother has been hurt."

How her heart was jerking away; it seemed every drop of blood from her body was surging through her head; her ears hummed as if a swarm of bees had taken possession internally.

"No, it ain't either, for I saw old Mrs. Vane crying at the bedroom window—"

Grace sprung from her chair.

"Heavens, it must be that he is killed! Oh, Annie! Annie!"

And she burst into tears, so anguished that her sister stood in open-eyed surprise.

"I'm sure it's very bad, Grace, but I don't see why you need cry over him. He's awful cross and hateful, I think."

"Hush! go up to the house and learn what is the matter."

She had dried her eyes, and was calm and pale, and sat resolutely down by the window to await the certain news.

It was a season of keenest grief to her, this waiting to know whether or not the man she loved, whom she had so cruelly used, had gone beyond the reach of her penitent voice.

She had been sorry for it, time and again, but now it came home to her with awful force, and in the silent agony of her heart she prayed, as she never had prayed before, for his life, if it was threatened.

Then Annie came rushing in again, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Oh, Grace, I saw Doctor Jeffries just coming out, and I asked him. There's an awful crowd up there and they're all a-going on awful!"

Grace sat and waited for the news to come, with a stolid patience, that bore with the child's enthusiastic story.

"He is all cut and smashed, and Doctor Jeffries says he's unconscious, and it'll only be a miracle if he ever comes to again. He sent me up to Aunt Judy's to get her to come down and take care of him, but she's sick, and they're hunting all over for a nurse."

Grace got up very quietly.

"Annie, you can tell mother I have gone to take care of Doctor Vane. Tell her he is dearer to me than all the world beside, and that I shall either see him die, and she swallowed a sob, or hear him tell me he has forgiven me."

And Annie listened, unconsciously, awestricken by the solemn grandeur in Grace's tones, and watched her up the street as she walked rapidly and firmly to the door of Doctor Vane's office.

It seemed very natural for Grace Hadley to go to assist poor old Mrs. Vane, who had so much cool nerve and was so unlike most girls of her age; and so while the stricken mother blessed her for her unwearied care of her only son, the mother of the brave-hearted girl prayed for her daughter, as only a mother can, that she might come out of this cloud with rejoicing.

The new year had come in, attired in its royal ermine robes, with its crown of frost-jewels its scepter; and then, in the warm, darkened room, a group of awfully anxious watchers awaited the crisis. Another hour, and it would be known whether the tide of John Vane's life drifted lifeward or eternallyward.

A solemn silence reigned as they watched his face, and each other's faces; and then, with Doctor Jeffries' fingers on his own wrist, and his eyes on his open watch, there came a long, long sigh from John Vane's lips; a shiver, and he opened his eyes with the light of reason in them, and smiled at his mother, who was kneeling beside him.

And then, with a low, piteous wail, Grace Hadley sunk on her knees, and caught his hand, kissing it over and over again.

Doctor Vane looked down in surprise; his lips quivered a moment, and then his eyes took in a glorious, thankful light.

"Grace! my Grace! my Grace!" He faintly whispered the name in an adoring tone, and feebly raised his hand and laid it on her head.

"Mother—your daughter!"

It was all the explanation ever made, but there were tears in those strong men's eyes as they read the rapture in his, the sweet, penitent love in Grace Hadley's fair face.

"He'll get well now, fast enough," said Doctor Jeffries. "Let him have Miss Grace with him whenever he wants her; for, under God, she has greatly aided in saving his life."

And Grace, with a tearful, solemn joy, decided that life without John Vane would be worse than death with him.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flower upon the stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon its deep chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun, that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

## Valerie's Victory

BY JENNIE LEIGH.

"I HAVE not seen any smoke from widow Thomas' cottage to-day. Some of them may be sick. I think I shall run over there and see."

Valerie Reynour looked up in surprise.

"Why, Margaret, it is almost dark, and looks like rain every moment. Had you not better wait till to-morrow?"

"No, dear. I think not. I am a rapid walker, you know, and can get back before it is really dark. So good-by, little cousin, and do not get lonely while I am gone."

But Valerie turned her bright eyes quickly away, and did not return the kiss pressed on her pale olive cheek. She was thinking how happy and useful Margaret's life was, while hers—well, it was hard to be orphaned and homeless, to lie day after day on a bed of pain and weariness.

The door closed softly and Margaret was gone. Valerie watched her in the deepening twilight, noting the rapid, graceful step, the calm, self-poised manner. Yes, Margaret was very fair and sweet, and it was not strange she should win the heart Valerie would have died to gain.

Miss Reynour, Miss Reynour, mother told me to come over and tell your folks not to go to widow Thomas' for they're down with the small-pox over there, and the doctor told mother to send word to the neighbors!"

The little barefooted, tow-headed urchin thrust his head in at the door while he delivered his message, and then he was alone again.

The small-pox! that meant disfigurement, loss of beauty and strength, perhaps life, and Margaret was on her way to that! Well, what if she let her go on? Then at least their chances would be more nearly equal—then she might have some hope of winning Doctor Phillips' love.

It seemed an eternity she sat there, combating the terrible, deadly temptation. Then, with a shudder she sprang up, calling aloud:

"Johnny, Johnny! oh, it is too late, and I—merciful Heaven! in my heart I have been a murderer."

The old clock ticked dimly in the corner, and Valerie felt as if she had grown ages older in the last few seconds. Grandmother's knitting-needles flashed brightly in the kitchen firelight, but she, alas! was deaf and helpless. Then a turn in the road brought Margaret's figure in view again, moving swiftly and surely to her doom.

Was there no help, no way to save Margaret?

Yes, there was one way. Valerie remembered a narrow footpath that wound around the ravine, almost overgrown with briars and wild vines, lonely and desolate enough.

Yes, that path cut off more than half the distance to the cottage, and she might yet get there before Margaret and warn her of her danger.

She heeded not pain and weariness, felt not the chill rain nor the high night-wind that lashed her long black hair against neck and face. On she struggled, impelled by one motive, to save Margaret and win again the peace and innocence she had lost, or die in the attempt.

Even Margaret, strong of nerve as she was, started as Valerie's white figure loomed before her in the darkness.

"Margaret, you must not go in. They have the small-pox there and I have come to tell you—"

Then the fictitious strength gave way, and Valerie sunk unconscious to the ground.

With a face almost as white as Valerie's Margaret bent over her.

"Valerie, my poor darling, and you have risked your life to save mine!"

"Miss Grant—Margaret, how came you here?"

She raised her eyes and saw Doctor Phillips coming toward her.

Oh, how welcome his presence was just then. Scarcely heeding Margaret's broken explanations, he lifted Valerie's little form in his strong arms, and in a few moments she was lying on her bed at home.

When she again opened her eyes to the world of realities, roses and geraniums were blooming in the windows and the spring sunshine was flooding the room. All looked bright and sweet, and Margaret sat sewing near at hand.

Valerie breathed her name softly. With a little cry of joy Margaret came to her.

"Thank God, you are better, my darling!"

"Oh, Margaret, you must not be so kind to me. I have been so wicked and ungrateful; you would hate me if you knew all."

"Dear little cousin, I do know all. You have told it over many times since you have been sick, and—"

"You can care for me still, Margaret?"

"I can care for you still."

The red blood dyed Valerie's cheek.

"Margaret, does Doctor Phillips know, too?"

"No, dear. And now, Valerie, I have something to tell you. In a few months I'm to be the wife of Doctor Phillips' brother, whom I have loved for two years, and my little cousin, if she will, is to share my Western home with me."

Margaret to be married, and not to Doctor Phillips! Oh, could it be that—but she would not listen to the sweet suggestion, she who had thought to gain his love at such a fearful price. No, the least she could do was to resign all thoughts of self and rejoice in Margaret's happiness.

"I am so glad, and you will be very happy, Margaret."

"I hope so, dear, but you have talked too much already, and now you must go to sleep."

When Valerie awoke, Margaret was gone, and Doctor Phillips had taken her place.

"My little patient is so much better to-day that I am half-tempted to let prudence go and tell her what I have wanted to say so long."

Valerie's face flushed, but she could not answer, and he went on:

"Valerie, my darling, I think you must know that I love you. Now that Margaret's wedding-day is fixed, I want to ask you if, when she goes to her new home, you will not come to mine?"

Valerie covered her face with her little wasted hands.

"Oh, do not ask me, Doctor Phillips. I can not, I can not!"

"You can not?" he repeated. "Oh, Valerie, why can you not, when I love you so well?"

"I am so unworthy; I have no right to be happy, to—"

"No right to be happy? you unworthy? Why, Valerie, what can you mean?"

With tearful, downcast eyes she told him of the temptation that had come to her, and how in a moment of rebellion at her lot she had sinned so deeply.

He listened to her gravely and tenderly. "You exaggerate your fault, poor child. You overcame the temptation and risked your life to save hers."

"And yet for one moment I listened to the awful suggestion!"

"We are all liable to temptation, Valerie, and are not responsible for it. It is in the resisting or yielding that the victory or defeat lies, and my darling is worthy of any man's love."

Valerie's pale face radiated beautiful sunshine, and as her wistful eyes rested upon the doctor's hand that clasped her own, she murmured:

"To be your wife is a bliss I never dared to think possible."

But it was possible, for the beautiful girl, under the inspiration of her love and the doctor's skill, became strong again, and now, as the very queen of women, reigns in the city as the beloved Mrs. Doctor Phillips.

## The Detective's Ward:

OR,  
THE FORTUNES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NEEL, THE ORANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEAP IN THE DARK.

LILLIAN listened until she heard the footsteps of the rough dying away in the distance. A few moments she remained fixed as a statue, lost in thought. She felt sure that the rough had lied to her regarding the distance she was from New York.

"It can not be possible that I could be carried so many miles—by railroad, of course—and then by boat transported to this island, without my knowledge. True, by means of a powerful drug they rendered me insensible, but it was about ten o'clock when I went to my room last night, and when I recovered my senses here, the daylight had not come."

That, she proved that, my swoon could not have lasted many hours. No, I feel sure that I am not many miles from New York, and when the night comes, I will make a desperate effort to escape from this place. Though I have grown to be quite a lady, in a few days, as Rocky says, he shall find that I have not changed in spirit in the least."

With this determination, Lillian sat down and ate up her breakfast. She knew that she would need all her strength in the attempt that she was resolved to make to escape from the hands of her captors, and fasting was not the way to preserve it.

Having finished the bread and coffee, she drew the chair to the window and amused herself by looking out upon the river.

Wistfully she watched the water-craft sailing upon the bosom of the tide. She longed for the wings of a bird that she might fly far from her foes.

As she sat by the window, a little steam-boat came puffing round the point, that ran out into the stream. She could just discern the name on the wheel-house as the steam-boat passed.

"Sylvan Shore!" she murmured in delight. "So, he did deceive me. I know that boat; she runs to Harlem. Then this house must be in New York. If I can only get out of this place and reach the street, the first policeman I meet will protect me. Escape from here!" and the girl sprang to her feet as she uttered the sentence: "I'll do it if I have to risk my life!"

The flashing eye, the firm, compressed lips, and the heightened color in her cheeks, told that she would keep her words.

Rocky, departing from the house, chuckling at the success of his plan and meditating how much he should require the old merchant to "come down" for the production of the girl, had no suspicion that Lillian had discovered the whereabouts of her prison-house. If he had had, it is not probable that he would have proceeded so gayly on his way.

Lillian spent all the morning in gazing out of the window, and in thinking over the means of escape.

At noon, the old woman who served as her keeper brought up a scanty dinner. After placing it on the table, she examined the window, as if for the purpose of seeing whether the girl had tampered with it or not; but finding every thing as she had left it, and being fully satisfied that Lillian had made no attempt to free herself, she left the room, locking the door after her as before.

Long and wearisome was the afternoon; the hours seemed to move on leaden wings; never before had the hours been so long to Lillian. Tired of sitting by the window and gazing out upon the freedom that was denied her, she paced up and down the room with the same restless motion that characterizes the wild beast in its captive cage. She panted for the hour to come when she might make the attempt to break the toils that hemmed her in. She waited for night to wrap the earth in its sable mantle—for the gloom which was to hide her fleeing footsteps from the pursuer's gaze.

At last night came.

Slowly the gloom descended upon the earth. The white sails first seemed like spectral forms floating in the hazy air; then, slowly they faded from view as the mists of night closed in upon the heaving surface of the restless waters.

The opposite shore, far in the distance, became a dark, indistinct line; then the darkness crept over the rippling tide, that was shining gold, crimson and purple, reflecting the last rays of the dying day-god. The river faded from her sight. A dark shadowy wall rose before her eyes, pierced here and there with twinkling stars, the lights shining from the opposite shore and from the passing vessels.

The hour was near at hand for the bold attempt for freedom. A faint hope had been in her mind that help might come ere night—help from the keen-eyed, quick-witted detective, John Peters. The only man in all the world who was to her a hero. Many a time during that long, weary day his image had risen before her. She had pictured him, tracking her out, as the sleuth-hound scents its prey. But, night had come and no sign of rescue. Lillian was not disappointed, for she fully realized how difficult the task was. The ruffian who had carried her off was an adept in crime—one not likely to be easily tracked.

The woman brought in a cup of tea and some crackers for Lillian's supper; made a

few remarks, saying how sensible she was to take her imprisonment quietly, and without making a fuss that wouldn't do her any good, anyway; then retired, taking care to lock the door after her, as usual.

The woman carried the light off, saying, grimly, "that folks slept better in the dark. It was evident she feared, that, if she left the light, her prisoner might set fire to the house, trusting to escape in the confusion."

Lillian sat down and ate her supper, though she had but little appetite, for the hour of escape was near at hand; that thought strangled hunger.

The meal finished, Lillian rose; she had decided upon the plan of action.

Quietly, little by little, inch by inch, she dragged the old bedstead out from the wall and shoved it against the door, using it as a barricade to prevent any one from coming into the room, as the door opened inward.

So skillfully did she perform this maneuver, that it excited no alarm among the inmates of the apartment below.

The door thus firmly barricaded, the girl tore down the curtain of the little window. With her hand she tested the strength of the woodwork. The window was one of the small, old-fashioned kind, common in the houses of forty years ago. The woodwork was light, but strong enough not to be broken by the mere strength of the arms alone.

This did not disconcert her, for she had calculated upon it to be so.

She crossed the room, took up the chair, and approached the window. A moment she poised this chair in the air; then brought it down with all the force she could muster against the window-sash.

Crash went the glass, every pane in the window shivered into fragments by the shock. But the woodwork, though started from its place, still held.

Lillian heard a commotion in the room below. Her captors had been alarmed by the noise!

With desperate energy, she again struck the chair against the wooden bars that separated her from freedom.

The shock shattered the wood of the casement in the center, but it still held fast at the sides; the chair had broken, though; the upper part alone was now fit for a weapon.

Desperately, Lillian hammered at the stubborn wood, the courage of despair nerveing every muscle in her frame. She heard, too, the rush of heavy feet upon the stairs and along the entry, leading to her door. The key turned in the lock, but, thanks to the barricade of the bed, the door refused to open.

With desperate curses the ruffians—there was more than one—threw themselves against the door, striving to force it open.

Every blow that Lillian struck removed one obstacle to freedom. But, each moment now was precious. She could plainly distinguish that the ruffians were gradually forcing their way into the room.

Another desperate stroke and the shattered casement, freed from its fastenings, dropped to the earth, leaving an open space—an avenue to freedom.

With a cry of joy Lillian leaped upon the window-sill; at the same moment, the ruffians forced the door half open. Their hot curses rung in the ears of the girl, but boldly, without a moment's thought, she leaped fearlessly into the darkness.

A howl of rage burst from the lips of Rocky, who with the Italian, Jocky, and young Donnelly, "Looney"—composed the party looking open the door.

Succeeding at last in forcing open the door, they rushed into the room, just after Lillian had leaped from the window.

"Blas! my eyes, if she ain't cut her lucky through the window!" cried Rocky, in disgust.

"Diavolo! We run quick after!" exclaimed the Italian.

"If she hasn't broke her leg she's lucky!" ejaculated Rocky.

The three rushed down-stairs and out of the door into the darkness of the night.

There was but one way she could have gone, for the house was surrounded by water on three sides.

"There she is!" cried Rocky, as they ran toward the avenue. He had caught sight of the girl running toward the street.

The roughs redoubled their pace. They gained rapidly upon their victim.

Just as she reached the avenue they closed upon her. But, the yell of triumph was choked in their throats, when a dozen blue-coated shadows sprung upon them from the darkness.

The roughs were surrounded by a squad of Metropolitan police, headed by the detective Peters!

In the twinkling of an eye, the steel bracelets clamped the wrists of the three. The fortunes of war had changed. The hunters had turned into the game.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THE clock in Mr. Oilkoff's parlor had just chimed nine.

The merchant was pacing impatiently up and down. He had received a message from the detective that afternoon that he might expect to see Lillian before ten that evening, as he—Peters—was on the trail.

Ten minutes more and the girl, accompanied by the two detectives, stood in the parlor.

Oilkoff's joy was great, indeed, nor could he suppress his astonishment at the speedy success of the detective's plan.

"It was part accident, sir," Peters explained. "When I left the house this morning, after that colonel had been here, I was clean bothered. I felt sure that he had nothing to do with the affair. The first thing I did was to set Hank here to watch young Donnelly, as I was pretty sure that he was mixed up in it, somehow. Then I suddenly remembered what a little bootblack had told me about this rough, Rocky Hill, that frequented the girls from in the underground saloon. He watched me when I brought the girl here; the bootblack—a little fellow, named Shrimpy—watched him. Well, when I thought of this, it suddenly occurred to me that Rocky might have a finger in the pie. So I immediately set out to look up this rough. I couldn't find him anywhere, but I stumbled on Hank here, who was keeping an eye on young Donnelly, 'Looney,' as his pals call him; and, lo and behold! he and Rocky Hill came together. After that it was all plain sailing. We tracked Hill to the den in Harlem where he had carried Miss Lillian; went for a squad of police and came just in time to nab the beauties as they were going to nab her."

"Mr. Peters, I don't know, sir, how I shall ever be able to reward you for this service!" exclaimed the merchant, warmly.

"No right to be happy? you unworthy? Why, Valerie, what can you mean?"

With tearful, downcast eyes she told him of the temptation that had come to her, and how in a moment of rebellion at her lot she had sinned so deeply.

He listened to her gravely and tenderly. "You exaggerate your fault, poor child. You overcame the temptation and risked your life to save hers."

"And yet for one moment I listened to the awful suggestion!"

"We are all liable to temptation, Valerie, and are not responsible for it. It is in the resisting or yielding that the victory or defeat lies, and my darling is worthy of any man's love."

Valerie's pale face radiated beautiful sunshine, and as her wistful eyes rested upon the doctor's hand that clasped her own, she murmured:

"To be your wife is a bliss I never dared to think possible."

But it was possible, for the beautiful girl, under the inspiration of her love and the doctor's skill, became strong again, and now, as the very queen of women, reigns in the city as the beloved Mrs. Doctor Phillips.

"Nor I," said Lillian, quietly, but with an earnestness in her tone and eyes that flushed the face of the detective crimson.

"I'm sure—I'm very much obliged—I—" and the cool, courageous thief-taker broke down and blushed like a woman.

Just at that moment John, the servant, entered the room.

"Colonel Peyton is at the door, sir," John announced, with a comical grin upon his face. It was very evident that the colonel had not made a very favorable impression upon him.

All within the room, except Lillian, started at the announcement. She had little idea of the nature of Colonel Peyton's business.

"John, tell him to call some other time!" cried the old merchant, hastily.

John turned, and found himself face to face with the colonel, who had quietly followed him into the parlor.

"John, you needn't trouble yourself to do any thing of the kind," the adventurer said, blandly, smiling in the face of the astonished John. "And I am sure, Mr. Oilkoff, that you will see the necessity of meeting me to-night and thus spare unpleasant explanations."

There was a threat concealed under the colonel's smooth manner.

"Sir, I—"

"John, you may go," said the colonel, interrupting the merchant. "I see that you are determined that I shall speak out, and we might as well keep this family matter to ourselves."

John looked at the merchant; Oilkoff nodded his head, and John withdrew in profound astonishment.

After the servant had closed the door, the colonel spoke again.



adventurer departed. He was never seen in New York again.

"I sent a friend of mine to see Mr. Grainger. Luckily this forged bill had been preserved," Peters explained.

Not until the next day did Lillian know the relationship that the heartless adventurer bore to her. Then the old merchant told her her history.

Just one week after these events took place, Peters was summoned to a private interview with the old merchant. Mr. Olkoff spoke straight to the point.

"I wish to adopt Lillian, but she obstinately says 'no' that she is your ward, and as you are a little young for a guardian, suppose that you become her husband, and settle it that way?"

Need we relate the joy of the honest detective, who had learned to love the girl that he had saved? Lillian became his wife. A long life of wedded bliss seemed far before them.

After a great many tearful speeches and earnest promises, Dolly Blake and Algernon Olkoff won the old merchant's consent to their union, although, to the last, he declared that she was far too good for him.

Rocky Hill, Jockey, and the half-foolish lad, "Looney," are doing the state yeoman service at Sing Sing, breaking stones and bitterly they curse the evil thought that tempted them to interfere in the fortunes of a Bowers Girl.

THE END.

## The Avenging Angels:

OR, THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HURON'S REUSE.

As soon as this was done, Roland called a council.

"My men," he said, "we fight here for our lives and the lives and honor of our women. Even Kenewa, placing his arm affectionately round the Huron's neck, 'in this our terrible strait, has declined to follow the customs of his race. Not a scalp has been taken.' Of what use, then, are the bodies?"

"Ugh!" observed Kenewa, with a grunt, and a very meaning grunt it was, as if to let everybody know what a sacrifice he was making in not taking the usual trophy.

"Right, cap'n," said Steve, heartily; "and, mind you, if we come to have to trust these women to the Shawnees again, it will likely save them from ax and scalping-knife."

"Then call a truce and signify my intentions at once."

"All right," cried Steve.

The scout at once threw down his weapons, and fearlessly leaping the breastwork, stood with his two arms up in the air.

An Indian at once advanced and held up his arms.

"They are now two envoys, and this simple recognition of one another's character makes them both as sacred as safe as if they had advanced with flags of truce, trumpeters, and all the paraphernalia of civilized war."

They advanced until within speaking distance, when they halted, and after some few idle compliments, the Shawnee asked Steve his object in demanding an armistice.

The scout told him that the fort was incumbered with their dead, dying, and severely wounded, and that, being Christian men, they wished to hand them over to their friends.

The Shawnee started.

"How would my brother have it done?" he said, with a courteous bow to his human interlocutor.

"Indian, you mean honest?"

"A Shawnee can not be outdone in generosity by a pale-face. There is peace until the shadow of the sun falls there," and he pointed to a stream of light between some trees.

The scout saw that they had twenty minutes.

"It is good," he said; "let a dozen unarmed Shawnees come and fetch the dead. But I say, Shawnee."

"Wagh!"

"You've got some ugly, dirty con-whips among you—smoke-dyed, painted crows, who call themselves pale-faces. Don't let 'em show themselves up yar—the truce is only with you, Shawnees; and, considering them punkin-faced varmints is than' pointing to the crowd of Indians, "you see we must stand to our arms."

The Shawnee nodded his head, with a guttural note of approval, and then returned to his fellows, to whom he related the wonderful and almost incredible proposal of the garrison. While yet they were discussing the matter, the Backwood Avengers were lifting the bodies of dead, dying and wounded over the breastwork, and laying them all in a row on the grass.

They then returned to their posts, seating themselves with their rifles in their hands, on the pile of logs.

A dozen Indians, stripped to their breech-clouts, to show that they had no arms, now advanced, the whole body of Shawnees standing aloof, leaning on their guns, while the Bandits of the Scioto were in deep conversation apart.

Steve bowed courteously to the envoys, who, without manifesting the slightest fear, doubt, or anxiety, proceeded to examine the recumbent Shawnees. Those to whom assistance would be useful wore the first carried off the field, then the dying, and lastly the dead.

There existed the utmost wonder among the Shawnees. They were not scalped—a discovery which, when first the young braves came up, drew forth a perfect shriek of delight, which their stoic natures enabled them at once to repress.

In a quarter of an hour all was over, and the Shawnees retired; nor were they seen any more that day, the remainder of which was devoted to those rites without which none of them could believe that the deceased could ever reach the happy hunting-grounds of their people.

Not even a sentry could be distinguished in the valley, though the Backwood Avengers were not deceived by this apparent neglect. They knew full well that eyes were watching their every movement, and that, had they tried to leave the ambush, they would have been instantly surrounded.

Every now and then a glimpse was caught of the ill-favored countenances of the Bandits

who, out of reach of gunshot, were reclining on a grassy and woody slope, where their time of forced inaction was spent in eating, drinking and smoking.

There was still a glimmer of day in the sky, when Steve, followed by Captain Edwards, moved to the edge of the cliff which overlooked the river. Kenewa was already smoking a pipe, awaiting them. It appeared clear that a conference was about to be held.

When the ruffian Bandits selected this spot as a stronghold, to which to retreat in case of accidents, they exhibited more judgment than is usual with men of their class, who, without guiding principles, without any belief in good or bad, are in general as reckless as they are covetous and sensual.

Their retreat could only be attacked by the valley, the precipice, which rose sheer from the river, being itself an impenetrable protection. They, however, were well aware of the absolute necessity of a supply of water, and to secure this had made a rope and rude bucket, which they fastened to a beam projecting about a couple of feet over the rock, and thus enabling the fall to touch the water without striking against any projecting stones.

As soon as Steve had drawn up enough water for the wants of those within the fort, he seated himself on the edge of the precipice, and, imitating the chief, lit his pipe and smoked gravely. Roland, whose state of nervous excitement was such as to compel him to do something, gladly joined, and thus they remained in silence some time.

"Well," suddenly said Steve, "it's just as well we made a cover over that ar cave in the rock; the gals 'ud 'a' been wet through hadn't we?"

"I was thinking it would be fine," replied Roland, who feared that the besiegers would find a useful auxiliary in the moon, which was rising over the woods, and at times showing her wan and wasted crescent through gaps in the clouds.

The changing luminary of night was waning in her last quarter, and struggling amid banks of vapor, had still power to almost dispel the sepulchral darkness that had just enveloped the scene.

"No, that's a storm coming, cap'n," said Steve.

The scout was right, for scarcely had Captain Edwards caught a glimpse of the moon, when the clouds gathered round it, darker than ever; and then from the distant hills came peals of thunder, preceded by sheets of lightning, that betokened the coming of an American prairie storm.

"Now, cap'n," said Steve, putting aside his pipe, and brushing his mouth with the back of his hand, "it seems no one won't say nothing, so I'm bound to speak as to what it's our duty to do."

"You have called me hither," replied Roland, compelled to raise his voice by the mingling of the thunder with the roar of the river below; "let me know what you have to say."

"Well, you see, cap'n," observed the scout, with such gravity as became the proponent of a plan such as that he was about to submit to his chief, "me and Kenewa thinks that, considering we ain't got above four charges each more of powder, it's time we give up fighting and tied some other dodge."

"Between fighting and surrender to these ruthless savages there is no middle way," "Well, cap'n, there is another way."

"Which?"

"Runnin' away."

"I know, Steve, that under the circumstances in which we are placed you would never joke, or else I should be angry. Speak on," said Roland, calmly.

"Well, yer see, cap'n, what I ar got to say ain't over an' above a bit pleasant," continued Steve, scratching his head.

"Steve, every thing that can be said to assist our salvation from the wretches who soon will be howling around us should be said," was the quiet reply.

"Well, here goes. Yer see, cap'n, if we get away that morn't be a chance of saving the lives of them gals."

"Get away—leaving the women behind?" "You've just hit it, cap'n," cried Steve; "we men can drop down this yar rope into the river; the red-skins then walk in and carry off the gals. While they're a-settlin' who they shall belong to, we find out whar the Hurons is, and then—"

The scout made a rapid sign with his hand round his head.

"That for the Bandits and Shawnees."

"Does Kenewa approve of this?"

"He has spoken by the lips of his pale-face brother," said the young warrior, quietly.

"Then go, in God's name, and if succor be at hand, bring it; the sooner the better. I remain with the women, to aid and protect them in their last hour of danger."

"To bring the ax to their throats and the scalping-knife to their poaty ha's," said Steve, coldly.

"How so?"

"If the women give themselves up, quiet-like, that will be no harm done 'em; but, as they will be sart'n sure to cut your throat, why, when blood's up, it don't signify whether it's a man's or a woman's, cap'n."

"If I thought—if I could hope, that succor was near," said Roland, in an agonized tone, "I would go with you. But what has become of Little Bear?" If he had returned we should have heard something of him."

A hoot—low, quick, and sharp—of the big owl of the prairies, wildly and mysteriously broke the silence of the night.

"Wagh!" cried Kenewa.

"Little Bear, by gum—thunder!"

"God in his infinite mercy be praised!" said Roland, fervently.

The moment after there was a dead silence, during which nothing could be heard but the rush of the waters below and the boom of the still advancing storm, which now had become a complete thunder-gust. Kenewa, leaning over the edge of the precipice by means of the beam used to haul the water up, examined with care the nature of the stream.

Where they sat the cliff was sheer down nearly forty feet to a kind of pool, while to the right and left the perpendicular rock was not more than ten or twelve feet, the rest of the distance between that point and the river being made up of a sloping surface of mingled bushes and rocks.

All around were frowning cliffs, while the bed of the stream was nearly choked up by huge boulders, through which the waters passed in a few moments with a deafening roar, proclaiming that at no great distance torrents of rain were falling.

"Ugh!" suddenly said Kenewa, pointing to the coil of rope, and speaking a few words with Steve.

"Cap'n, the chief says the warriors are at hand; so will you stop to be scalped, or will

you absquatulate to punish the nagurs and save the gals? You see, if you stop, all stop—and this 'll be our grave."

"I am in your hands," said Roland, in a hollow tone; "explain to the women that we are not deserting them, and I will live to save or revenge them."

Steve returned to where the whole of the party, save the sentry, were congregated, and explained in a few brief words the exact position of affairs, and the prospect there was of saving the whole party, if, without further bloodshed, the Indians were allowed to regain possession of the women.

He then explained his interview with Roland, and declared that, had not the captain yielded, he for one would have stopped to face the last onslaught of the Indians.

"All! all!" was the response.

"I thank you," cried Roland, "and hope I may live to prove my gratitude to all my brave Avengers. But now go, I and Steve will descend last," and he pointed to the Judge, who, in a deep reverie, had heard nothing.

"Haste all," added Ettie, earnestly; "it is my belief this is an inspiration from Heaven to save us. The Shawnees will not hurt us."

"Mind you surrender to them," put in Steve; "while them fellows is dropping in to the pool I'll just tell you how to set about it."

"I know," said Matata, quietly.

She knew her duty, though Kenewa had not even sent her a message. She neither expected it nor wished it.

Her brave was doing his duty! "You're right," put in Steve. "Ah me! it's ag'in the grain, but it can't be helped. We'll take our revenge. Now, cap'n, all down tell you."

"The captain always last."

"Just so; I only thought it my duty to be rear-guard," said Steve. "Make haste, though, for no one can say fur truth when these nagurs may be upon us."

Roland, after a hasty but affectionate farewell, during which he bade them all be of good cheer, hastened to follow the example set him by Steve.

But first he crouched a moment or two on the beam, watching the sufferers he had left.

To his shame he saw as he saw that group of women, dimly illumined in their cavern retreat by the fire which they had kept up ever since seeking shelter in the redoubt; their cadaverous and shivering faces showing the horrors they had endured, and the mental suffering to which they were still subjected.

Then he saw the young Huron girl carry an armful of brush to the narrow gap defended by the wooden breastwork, and pile it with all the fuel she could collect against the logs.

To his shame she set fire.

As soon as it blazed on high she leaped on the top beam of the parapet, and held her arms upward and waived.

Then she waited.

Ten minutes elapsed, during which time those below continually shook the rope by which Roland Edwards should have descended.

But he was spell-bound.

The girl sat full in the effulgence of the blazing light, her feet of her pretty features clearly to be distinguished.

Then one or two Indians came peering up to her.

"Welcome," she said, in the Shawnee dialect; "there are none but women here. We are the prisoners of the Shawnee braves, not of the cowardly pale-faces."

"My sister has spoken—her word is the law," replied Theanderigo, advancing, glad to frame any excuse to secure the women as his prisoners.

"I am all on fire," muttered Moses Horne, coming out from the crowd; "whar's our gals?"

"All prisoners of tribe," said Theanderigo, coldly; "decide over by talk."

The Bandits growled, but uselessly, as they were by far too weak to try violence, and the Indians, without noticing their scowling countenances, proceeded to secure the persons of the fugitive women without any physical injury, the memory of the dead and wounded given up without mutilation being still upon them.

The means by which the men had escaped were soon discovered, but the Shawnees cared little about this.

They would hanker after their women, and would not go far. Their tracks would be easily traced in the morning.

With this consoling idea the prisoners were restored to their cavern, while all around the Shawnees laid themselves down to await the dawn of day.

To men accustomed not only to the woods but to hardships, the descent into the river-pool by means of a rope was easy enough, especially as Kenewa and Little Bear stood up to their hips in water to assist all who followed the chief.

At last all were collected.

The darkness was intense, so that when Little Bear offered to pilot them across there was little fear of their being seen from above.

A pilot was needed; for from the sudden rush of water from the table-lands above, the current swept by with great speed and fury, until below it was lost in a cloud of foam that with a fearful roar indicated the presence of a fall.

But the boy had well noted the way he came, and led them from rock to rock and boulder to boulder as if they had been ordinary and safe stepping-stones.

They were soon, therefore, on the opposite bank, which was as soft, smooth, and grassy as the other was rough and rude.

As soon as they were concealed by the trees, all sat down, despite their drenched and soaked condition, to learn their future course of proceedings.

The first word brought an audible groan from Roland.

The Huron braves were quite two days behind.

In half an hour they reached the head of the Catawba Lake, within two hundred yards of their boats.

Little Bear, with an activity which well became his youth, and at the same time his manly courage, swam to the island under the direction of his brother, found the boats, and brought them to his friends.

All climbed in and made for one of the small islands in the lake, where for a while they could repose in safety until morn, when their immediate course of action would be decided on.

The whole party were so fatigued that little they said that night.

The young lover, however, tossed upon his couch, could not moment imagining that some evil had happened to the two daughters of the judge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TWO SPIES.

The night was soon passed.

As soon as day commenced, and awoke all creation to life and light, the Backwood Avengers held council.

The Shawnees would beat the woods for them in every direction, so that to remain concealed anywhere seemed almost impossible. Knowing that they were somewhere close at hand, the red-skins, who had so many deaths and so many defeats to avenge, would search for them with the sharp eye of hate.

All depended, then, on the arrival of reinforcements.

Should they wait for them, or should they go in search of them?

Kenewa was for the latter course, but opinions being divided, the decision was left entirely in the hands of their captain.

His proposal was, then, to divide. One party was to remain and wait for reinforcements, while he and Steve would outlie in the forest, watch the Indians, and endeavor to circumvent any devilries to which they might have recourse.

Steve nodded his head, with a smile, as if he thought Roland Edwards had acted with wisdom. Kenewa made no remark, but, giving a whispered order to Little Bear, the youth glided into the water, and wading at first soon swam ashore, and took up his post on the branch of a tree, whence he had a good view of the grassy plain over which the expected warriors would be sure to come.

Steve and Roland also waded ashore, and the former leading the way, entered the forest in profound silence. There was no attempt on their part to conceal the trail, as now such precaution must prove useless. The crisis was approaching, and, unless victory very soon crowned their efforts it would be useless to strive against fate.

The women must soon be lost to them forever.

In the hands of the Bandits, or in the hands of the Shawnees they would equally be forever separated from their friends.

In this case Roland's determination was come to.

He would rescue the fair girl of his heart or perish—it mattered to him not how. He would as soon lie down and die on one of the desolate plains of the great prairie wilderness as in any other way.

The two hunters glided silently along, stooping beneath the underbrush, wading through the long grass, their eyes ever on the watch, their ears listening with the deepest intensity, their breath held, and now and then even pausing, lest they might fall into some ambushade.

It was nearly evening when they came within half a mile of the Indian camp.

Crawling and creeping, rather than walking, they were soon upon the verge of the open clearing where the Shawnees had erected their village.

Not a wigwam was to be seen.

"Gone!" cried Roland.

Steve rubbed his eyes.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said the captain.

"Well," said the scout, coldly, "they've smelt a rat, and giv us the slip."

He moved carefully out into the plain.

"Suppose it is a trap?"

"Natur has a voice that can not be misunderstood. If any of them lope, thieving, cussed Shawnee vagabonds was about, those wolves yonder wouldn't be quarreling over the bones they've left."

With these words he boldly advanced into the open clearing.

This indeed was an overwhelming misfortune. Either by intuition or by means of his scouts, Theanderigo suspected the coming of Huron reinforcements.

Such was the inference drawn by Steve as they advanced along the plain toward the hill in which was the cavern where the women had been detained prisoners.

The scout proposed to camp on the summit.

He there lit a small fire of dry wood, that emitted but the faintest column of smoke. Steve took a hearty meal, and, after a few words, cast himself under a tree and slept. Roland could not so easily cast off all care or divest himself of the idea that they were acting with imprudence. It was, however, impossible to resist the imperious calls of nature after the superhuman exertions of the few previous days, and Roland Edwards at length slept, nor awoke until the matin hoot of the owl announced that the sun was about to rise.

A draught of water, a hunch of meat without bread or salt, was the frugal morning meal; and the scout commenced the task of tracking the fugitives.

Steve took care to keep off the line of march, only examining the trail now and then with a critical eye.

At length he came to a spot where the whole party had encamped in the center of a thicket, which had yet a fire or two alight, indicating very recent departure.

After a careful examination of the neighborhood, the scout seated himself beside Roland, and was about to enter upon one of his usual talks, when a low moaning close at hand drew his attention.

"What is that?" asked Roland, looking warily around, in expectation of a surprise.

"Then, cap'n," said Steve, heartily, "the beast has followed the gals, and some scoundrel—no red-skin, I'll swar—has shot him in the leg."

While Roland examined the wound the little animal whined and moaned with pain, while, on examination, it proved that its claws were quite worn away with its long journey.

The hunter rose, looked about, found some herbs known to him from long contact with the Indians, and chewed a small quantity, which, by means of a small bandage, he fastened on the wounded place; the intelligent little animal all the time looking keenly up in his face, as if thankful for kindness shown him.

"The wonderful, sure," observed the scout, "this here brute has had to work out our trail, or rather that of the gals; but yar he is, so it don't signify talking. What shall we do with him?"

"Take him with us."

"But he can't walk."

"I'll carry him."

Steve smiled grimly. Perhaps he had a glimmering of the young man's motive, few being so practical as not to retain some remnant of sentimentality in their hearts.

Half an hour later they were again on their way. Steve now took the lead. With all his knowledge of the prairies, with all his experience as to the ins and outs of red-skin wile and cunning, he was at a loss to understand the double action of the enemy. That they had fled, in all appearance, to some fastness where they could defend themselves from the attacks of their foes, he felt certain; but, in this case, why had they not more elaborately concealed the trail, instead of leaving it obvious and clear?

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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## THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

(From the old English of Chaucer, etc.)

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A buketful of years ago  
When the old time was new—  
There lived a wealthy gentleman—  
I think he was a Jew,  
But somehow he took sick and died  
As rich folks sometimes do,  
And when he died, 'mong other things  
He couldn't take along  
He left two weeping child-er-en  
As was both small and young,  
And many thousand ducats which  
Should unto them belong.  
He also left a broth-er,  
These children's uncle he  
So he was made their guard-ian  
Till they of age should be,  
And he had a hanker for gold  
In a very great degree.  
He counseled with two ruff-ians,  
And made both of them swear  
They would not hurt the child-er-en,  
But take their heads off square,  
That by the process of the law  
He might become their heir.  
The children to the for-est  
These ruff-ians did lead,  
But first they drank some whis-ki-ee  
Before they did the deed,  
And then to count their sil-ve-er  
They straightway did proceed.  
They quarreled o'er a three-cent piece,  
And made an awful fuss,  
They drew their swords out of their sheaths  
As wilder grew the muss,  
And whacked each other on the scalp  
In a way to make you fuss.  
The young but youthful child-er-en  
Got very much dismayed,  
And looking on this wild affray  
Grew terribly afraid,  
And saw each ruffian at a blow  
Cut off the other's head.  
The ruffians fell upon the ground  
Which with their blood was wet,  
And one was dead as dead could be,  
The other dead as dead could be,  
The babes they found themselves were lost,  
And they began to fret.  
They gathered up the scattered change  
And wandered far and wide,  
Till last beneath the trees' shade  
They laid them down and died.  
With leaves the little rob-ber-ens  
Covered them up and sighed,  
And at their heads these rob-ber-ens  
Put up two tombstones small,  
And carved their names thereon to keep  
Their memories green to all.  
The uncle up to New York came,  
And bought and sold on Wall.

## The White Outlaw;

OR,

## The Prairie Ambush.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE prairie grass was green under the summer sky, and far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible save the green roll of the plain, and the blue outline of the distant mountains. In a shaded nook, close to a thick belt of timber, a hunter had built himself a cabin. Old Jim Bailey was known far and wide through this region as a skillful guide and trapper, and there was one other thing which drew the young soldiers and trappers off the main trail to rest at his cabin. He had a daughter, Cora Bailey, who was famed for her beauty through all that region. Ohio was then the North-west territory, and inhabited by warlike tribes, who delighted in scenes of bloodshed, and they were even now gathering for the struggle which was to end in the complete subjugation of their race.

It was a beautiful morning in June as a young girl rode through the waving grass in the direction of Bailey's cabin. A girl who had a strong, true, beautiful face, her dark hair floating loosely below her jaunty riding-hat, and her symmetrical figure showing to advantage beneath a tight-fitting hussar jacket, above a flowing riding-skirt of gray. Her horse was a noble white, with long, clean, powerful limbs, and flowing mane and tail. She governed him with the hand of a mistress, her dark eyes full of enjoyment, life and spirit. As she passed a belt of timber the bushes parted, and a dark-faced young man, dressed in forest garb, stood before her.

"You here, David Brownlow?"

"I could not stay away," he said, pleadingly. "Bear in mind that I love you dearly, and—"

"Hush. I will not listen to you for an instant, Mr. Brownlow. How dare you come here, when you know that your life is in danger every moment you stay? I ought to give you up to justice, but I can not do it. Go away and do not let my father see you."

"Curses on him; it was his fault that I am outlawed."

"You deserved that, and more. The guilt of blood is upon you. You killed an innocent man in a drunken brawl, and have lost all claim to sympathy; go."

"You drive me away," he said, hoarsely. "Have your will then, Cora Bailey; but my turn will come soon. If I killed a man, it was with his hand upon a weapon ready to destroy me."

"It is false. He would not have used the pistol except in self-defense."

"Have some pity, Cora. You know that I love you, and the thought that my rash act has separated me from you is driving me mad."

"You are much to blame, David. I did love you once—why deny it—but, that time is past. Go your way; hide your guilty head in some secluded part of the country, and atone for your foul deed by penitence and prayer."

"You will have it," he hissed. "Very well; I will go, but you shall hear from me again. When the flood of war rolls over this devoted country, when roof-trees lie blackened and low, think of me and my revenge."

He turned and buried himself in the woods, and Cora looked after him with an uneasy glance.

"He means some wickedness; he has a bad heart, and I fear evil will come from this."

She rode on hastily and alighted at the door of her father's house, who came out to meet her accompanied by a handsome young fellow in a rifleman's uniform, before whose admiring gaze Cora blushed and looked down. He came forward, extending his hand.

"Your father asked me to ride down with him and try my hand at the deer," he said. "You have not been to the village lately, Miss Bailey."

"I am father's housekeeper, Lieutenant Grayson," she replied, "and of course can not leave him often. I see you are in uniform. Do you expect to be called out soon?"

"Black Hand threatens mischief, and I

can not say how soon the Indians may be upon the war-path," he answered.

"You are welcome to our humble home, lieutenant," she said. "Will you come in?"

"Ay, ay, go in, Henry. I'll take care of Cora's horse," said Bailey. "The gal will make it more pleasant for you than an old hunter."

Grayson followed Cora into the cabin, where every thing was as neat as human hands could make it. The young lieutenant had met her at a party in the little village, ten miles away, and had been taken by her handsome face, and brilliant conversational powers. Cora had a fair education, good enough for the border, and sung with wonderful sweetness and power, and he overlooked the fact that her father was only a rude hunter, and had determined to lay siege to her heart in regular form. Grayson was a young man of reputation, and, for that section, of considerable wealth, and Cora might well be proud of her conquest.

He remained all that day at the cabin, listening to her songs and watching her as she prepared the savory venison and home-made bread, which formed the principal food of this border region. Bailey went out upon some errand, and came in about three o'clock in a towering passion.

"What is the matter, father?" said Cora.

"I've met that black-hearted thief, Dave Brownlow," replied the hunter, "and we had a little scrimmage. But he got away from me and joined a party of Black Hand's Indians, and I couldn't do any thing with them. I'll see that feller hung one of these days."

"I met him this morning," said Cora, "and he uttered threats which I did not understand."

"What did he say?"

"He spoke of war as a certainty, and as if he expected to have something to do in bringing it about," she replied.

"Who is this Brownlow? Not the ruffian for whose arrest a reward has been offered by the Governor?" said Grayson.

"That identical thief. You don't know him, and it's just as well, for he's a most determined villain. He used to be a friend of mine, and I'm 'shamed to say I thought him a true man, but I've found him out now. You must look out for him, Cora."

"What was his crime?"

"He was in a bar-room up at Cypress Bend, and that was a fight. He was in it,

"We meet again, Cora," he said. "Some-what quicker than I expected, but not the less welcome. Who is this gay personage who accompanies you?"

"How dare you address this lady in that manner?" demanded Grayson, riding between them.

"Perhaps this gentleman would like an introduction," said Brownlow. "My name, sir, is Dave Brownlow—Mad Dave of the Ridges—and a tough colt to bridle. The lady, some time ago, promised to marry me, but went back on her word on account of a little difficulty I had with a fellow at Cypress Bend. There lies your way over the prairie, and the quicker you take it the better for you. Cora goes with me."

He laid a hand upon the bridle of the white horse, but the next moment he was rolling on the earth, under a heavy blow from the iron hand of Grayson. The blow was hardly struck when four Indians sprung from the thicket, with knives and rifles ready, and assailed the young rifleman over the body of Brownlow.

Hemmed in on every side, the brave young man fought with the energy of despair. In an instant one of the savages, felled by the iron-bound butt of a pistol, lay beside Brownlow among the tangled grass; but, while he was so engaged, a second sprung at him with uplifted knife. Cora had stood inactive during the beginning of the struggle, rapidly reloading her rifle, unnoted by the Indians, who did not dream of any resistance from her. She saw that Grayson was incumbered by the weight of Brownlow, who was clinging to his stirrup upon the left side, and was striking at him with a heavy hatchet, and that he could not ward off the blow of the tall savage with the knife. Nothing could save him but instant action on her part, and as the red-skin sprung on, with a triumphant yell, she raised her rifle rapidly, and discharged the contents full at his broad breast.

The Indian uttered a fiendish yell, plucked at the clothing upon his breast, and fell prostrate on the sod. At the same time a wild shout was heard, and Jim Bailey came down upon them like the wind, with his rifle ready. This was too much for the Indians, who broke and fled for the woods, leaving two warriors slain upon the ground, and Brownlow, wounded, a prisoner in their hands. Grayson, who had received several knife-wounds in the fray, fainted from loss of blood, and was carried back to Bailey's cabin, where the heroic girl nursed him back to life.

how to take the brute. I hev allers thought he sarved me right fur bein' over in ther durned greaser kentry.

"You see, me an' Crack, thet's the dog, hed been meyanderin' up 'bout the head uv the Anchors; ter tell the truth, we war after a cussed yaller-belly what had snaked off my saddle an' cut with it, an' we war layin' off in the bush waitin' fur a sight."

"'Twas a powerful thick piece o' timber, big trees an' little trees an' chapparel till you couldn't rest."

"We'd been in thar nigh a week, watchin' round, when, one evenin', jest es the sun was gettin' well down, I hear the all-fired lot uv squallin', an' yelpin' an' screechin' thet ever war."

"Crack war off a leggle way, an' you'd 'a' died a larfin' to see him kim scootin' back with his tail down, scart half to death."

"I know'd in a minit 'twurn't a human critter, but what kind uv a varmint it war I couldn't guess nohow."

"After a bit the thing begin ag'in, this time closer'n 'twur before, an' a heap louder."

"I ain't easy scart, boyees, but I'll own up thet I felt kinder queer thet time."

"You see, I hadn't never heard nothin' like it afore, an' I didn't know but what it mout be the devil hieself arter me."

"You better b'leve I tread in a hurry; an' so did Crack, fur he got atween my legs an' stood thar growlin' to hieself."

"The dog war clean cowed."

"I stood mighty quiet, listenin' an' watchin', but I couldn't see ner hear nothin' fur a good bit."

"I reckon I must 'a' waited half a hour, an' war beginnin' to think the varmint hed 'clare'd out, when, all at onc', it bu'sted out ag'in, forty times wuss'n afore, an' right plum over my head, in the limbs uv the tree ag'in which I stood."

"I've hearn tell uv big jumps an' sumersets, an' the like, but I reckon I jumped further an' turned more uv 'em, an' faster'n any uv them fellers what's paid ter do it ever did."

"An' I warn't none too quick, nuther."

"Es I went frum under ther tree I throwed one eye up, an' ketch'd a glimpse uv the creeter jes es he war makin' his spring."

"I see it war yaller, with whoppin' big eyes an' a powerful long tail, an' thet war about all, fill it landed, all uv a heap on the ground on the other side uv whar I lit."

"You see, the varmint hed lep' too fur, an' missed his mark."

"I jist hed time ter get onto my feet, an'

the hind sights uv a rifle fur nigh three month."

"Crack got well sooner ner I did, fur you see he could lick the sore ear, an' thar's healin' in a dog's tongue."

"Come, Eph," said one of the boys, "that won't go down. How in Satan could he lick his sore ear?"

The laugh evidently perplexed the old hunter, but only a moment.

"Ther deuce he couldn't," said Eph; didn't I see him lickin' the piece thet the varmint tore off?"

## Short Stories from History.

## The Youth is Father to the Man.—The

great Turenne, in his youth, was much pleased with the character of Alexander, as delineated by Quintus Curtius. His ambition was fired by the heroic actions of that conqueror; and he took particular pleasure in reading and relating them to others. On these occasions, his whole gesture became more animated than usual; his eyes sparkled, and his imagination being inflamed, he overcame the natural diffidence he had in speaking. One day, an officer, took the liberty to tell him that his favorite historian was no better than a writer of romances; which touched the young viscount to the quick. The duchess, his mother, made a sign to the officer to persist; the dispute grew warm; Turenne fell into a passion, left the company abruptly, and privately sent the officer a challenge, which, in order to divert the duchess, was accepted. The next day the young viscount went out of town, under the pretense of hunting; and Turenne arriving at the spot of rendezvous, there found a table ready spread. As he stood wondering what this preparation could mean, his mother appeared, accompanied by the officer, and told her son she was come to be second to the gentleman with whom he was to fight. The sportsmen came up, breakfast was served, peace concluded, and the duel changed into a hunting match.

When Turenne was only ten years old, his governor missed him, and after seeking some time, at length found him asleep on a cannon, which he seemed to embrace with his little arms as far as he could reach. When he was asked why he had chosen such a couch, he answered, "That he intended to have slept there all night, to convince his father that he was hardy enough to undergo the fatigues of war; though the old duke had often persuaded him to the contrary."

It is of such stuff that heroes are made, and the lesson it teaches is that each child's own habits and thoughts, if carefully studied, will determine what should be their life calling. To have made a lawyer, physician, or priest, of Turenne would have been not more of an outrage upon his inborn tastes and talents than to have harnessed a deer to the plow. And yet we see such outrages perpetrated every day!

## A Royal Road to Fortune.—When Sir

Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar, and commenced business; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription: "Subterranean shaving, with keen razors, for one penny." The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two pence apiece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still further reduction, and shaved for a half-penny. A neighboring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would give him another half-penny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the half-penny, and immediately gave him two pair of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune: for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favor, introduced him to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of; and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money.

The grand lesson of Arkwright's life—that no matter how humble a man's origin his fortune is in his own hands—can not too often be impressed. From the cellar barber-shop to the millionaire mill-owner was a short leap, but not greater than has marked the history of many Americans whom we can recall. Indeed, almost all of our great and wealthy men sprung from very humble stations in early life.

**Sir Walter Raleigh.**—The story of Sir Walter Raleigh's life is full of romance and his end a sad one. His name is so inwoven with our own early history as to make him almost "one of us."

Raleigh, who was, even in his own day, often called "the noble and valorous knight," and whose works have placed him in an important rank in the history of English literature, was doomed to pass the best period of his life in captivity. The reign of James I. may be praised for its pacific character; but as long as the name of Raleigh shall be remembered, will that reign be stained with one of the foulest crimes a monarch could commit.

Almost immediately after the accession of King James in 1603, Raleigh was imprisoned on a charge of treason, tried at Winchester in November of the same year, and condemned to die. He was, however, reprieved, and confined, a close prisoner, in the Tower, where he remained for upward of fourteen years. During his confinement, he devoted great part of his time to his studies; and the productions of his pen at this time were so numerous, that he rather resembled a collegian than a captive; a student in a library, than a prisoner in the Tower. His principal work, the "History of the World," was written and published during his confinement. He was at length released from the Tower in March, 1615; had the king's commission for a voyage to Guiana, which he made in 1617; but being unsuccessful, the old sentence was revived against him on his return home, and he was sent to the scaffold, to the eternal disgrace of the pusillanimous monarch, whose conduct in this affair gained him the indignation of his contemporaries, and of posterity.



THE WHITE OUTLAW.

and helped to stir it up, and when the row was going on he shot a man who had nothing to do with it, and was trying to part them. They raised the Regulators on him, but he got away, and hez bin in the Injin kentry ever since."

"We have a standing order to arrest him wherever we can find him," said Grayson, "for it is thought he is inciting the Indians to sedition. He can not escape us long. What think you of the prospect of striking a deer to-morrow?"

"Easy enough. They are pretty thick about Cedar Lick, jest now."

"Am I to go out with you, father?" demanded Cora. "You know that I am a good shot."

"Few better, gal. I don't think it safe to leave you alone, so I reckon you'd better go. And now set on supper, for I'm mighty hungry after my ride."

Supper over and the dishes cleared away, the trio passed a pleasant evening, and at early morning were ready for the hunt. Cora brought out a neat little rifle, and appeared to know how to use it.

"You must look to your laurels to-day, lieutenant!" she cried. "I am going to beat you, if I can!"

"And she kin shoot, Henry," said Bailey.

"I give you notice of that."

"I must not suffer myself to be beaten by a woman," replied the lieutenant, as he assisted her to mount. "Lead the way, Bailey."

They brushed away at a rapid pace through the grass, upon which the dew lay heavily, moving toward the hills upon the west. Cora was in high spirits, and laughed and jested with her companion.

"See here," said Bailey, pointing to a wooded knoll crossed in various directions by deer-paths. "You take that direction and wait, and you are sure to get a shot. Look yonder; is not that an Injin?"

A human figure had darted rapidly across an open space and disappeared in the bushes. The three looked after him a moment, and then, with a muttered exclamation directed at all "lopin' thieves," the hunter rode rapidly away, with his dog at his heels. Five minutes passed, and they sat silently upon their horses, waiting, when a buck and doe leaped from the bushes and crossed the prairie some sixty yards distant. Grayson fired and the buck staggered, but kept on his course. The rifle of Cora rose slowly to her shoulder, a flash leaped out, and the noble quarry, stricken through the heart, fell dead in his tracks.

At the same moment a man rode out of the bushes and confronted them—no other than David Brownlow.

Brownlow was taken to the village, and given over to the authorities. Three weeks after he broke jail and escaped, and his blackened body was found swaying from a forest tree not long after. The Regulators had found him in his escape, and he had suffered by their laws.

After the Indian outbreak was suppressed, Henry Grayson, now a colonel, came back to wed the heroic woman who had saved his life in the prairie fight.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Eph Hawkins and the Cougar.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"He ar' a comike-lookin' pup, thet's sartin," said Eph Hawkins, patting a short-legged, stout-looking cur, minus one ear, upon the back, "but, he ar' wuss'n forked lightnin' into a ground scuffle, an' es fur holdin' on, why a logger-head mud turtle ain't a patchin' to him."

Such extraordinary praise, especially coming from "Rough Eph," as he was called, who made it a rule never to speak well of any thing, if he could possibly avoid it, at once aroused attention, and caused a score of eyes to turn with interest upon the ungainly brute.

"Well, he ain't much fur han'some," said Ned Sanford, with a grin.

"No, he ain't," replied Eph, sharply, "but I knows some two-legged animals not very fur about hyar as is in purty much the same fix."

The stroke was a direct one, Ned being unusually homely, and a wild yell of laughter told that it was appreciated.

"But come, Eph, never mind Ned's jokes; tell us how the dog came to lose his ear," said one of the boys.

"How he lost his ear, hey? Well he lost it holpin' his master outen a cussed tight place, an' I'll tell yer how it war."

"Most uv you fellers knows what a grizzly ar' an' what a painter ar', but I doesn't bleeve enny uv you knows much about a Mexikin tiger—chouggers they calls 'em; do'ee?"

"Nary! We've heard uv 'em! They're wuss'n a pizen!" were the various answers.

"Well," continued Eph, "they ar' bad, an' no mistake, especially when you're wounded 'em jest enuff ter draw blood smartly an' make 'em mad fur keeps."

"This hyar one as I'm speakin' uv war the fust one I ever see, an' I didn't know

throw the old rifle up, when it kim at me ag'in."

"I pulled the trigger 'thout aim, fur I hadn't no time, heard ther thing fetch a squall, an' then end over end I went into ther bresh, the varmint on top, scratchin' and bighitin' an' t'arin' my very innards out—ennyhow I thought so."

"Tordy, how the thing stunk! an' all the time it kept up thet cussed snarl'n, jest like a bull-dog as is worryin' a cat."

"I begin ter think ther jig war up with Eph Hawkins, an' 'thout hardly knowin' what fur, I yelled out fur Crack ter pitch in."

"I didn't much reckon he'd take holt, but he did, an' I tell you he made thet varmint think suthin' had bu'sted."

"I hed long sence drapped the rifle, an' war tryin' ter git my knife out, but the chonger kep' me too bizzy, an' it took both hands ter keep the thing's teeth offen my weezin'."

"But, when Crack grupp'd the beast by ther jaw, an' throwed his heft back'ards onto it, it let up on me a bit, an' sorter turned his 'tention to the pup."

"'Twas a bad move for the Mexikin brute, you kin bet, fur afore he got through with Crack, I hed my knife twistin' about into his innards in a way thet made him twist, I tell you."

"But he war game, an' what's wuss, he hed his back up an' war bound to win—only he didn't."

"I can't never tell how long the scrimmage lasted. I thought it war a week, but it kim to an end at last."

"Crack he got too rambunctious, an' pitched in 'thout enny calkerlation, an' naterally the beast got him by the ear."

"You ought to 'a' heard that dog holler. He war wuss'n the chonger fur noise, but it warn't no use. The beast hilt on like grim death, an' Crack sot back an' tried ter pull loose."

"I wur nigh dead, but I sw'ar I hed to lart to see the pup."

"'Twas a lucky holt fur me though."

"You see when Crack pulled off on one side, howlin' an' t'arin' up the air with his claws, he sorter twisted the chonger's neck round, an' give me a chance."

"You kin sw'ar I warn't long a-usin' it, nuther. One wi-pe did the business, c'tar to the bone, fur I felt the edge grate ag'in it, an' the varmint rolled off, takin' Crack's ear with him, dead as a pine knot."

"I reckon I must 'a' fainted like arter thet, fur when I kim tu it war broad day, an' sum yaller-bellies war bindin' up the wounds. Ther war a heap uv 'em, I tell you, an' bad 'uns, an' I didn't look through